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GERMANY MARCHES TO RECOVERY

A British Observer Finds Her Economic Future Secure

***GERMANY'S INDUSTRIAL REVIVAL.* By Sir Philip Dawson, M. P., M. Inst. C. E., M. I. Mech. E., M. I. E. E. 376 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company.**

By GARDNER HARDING

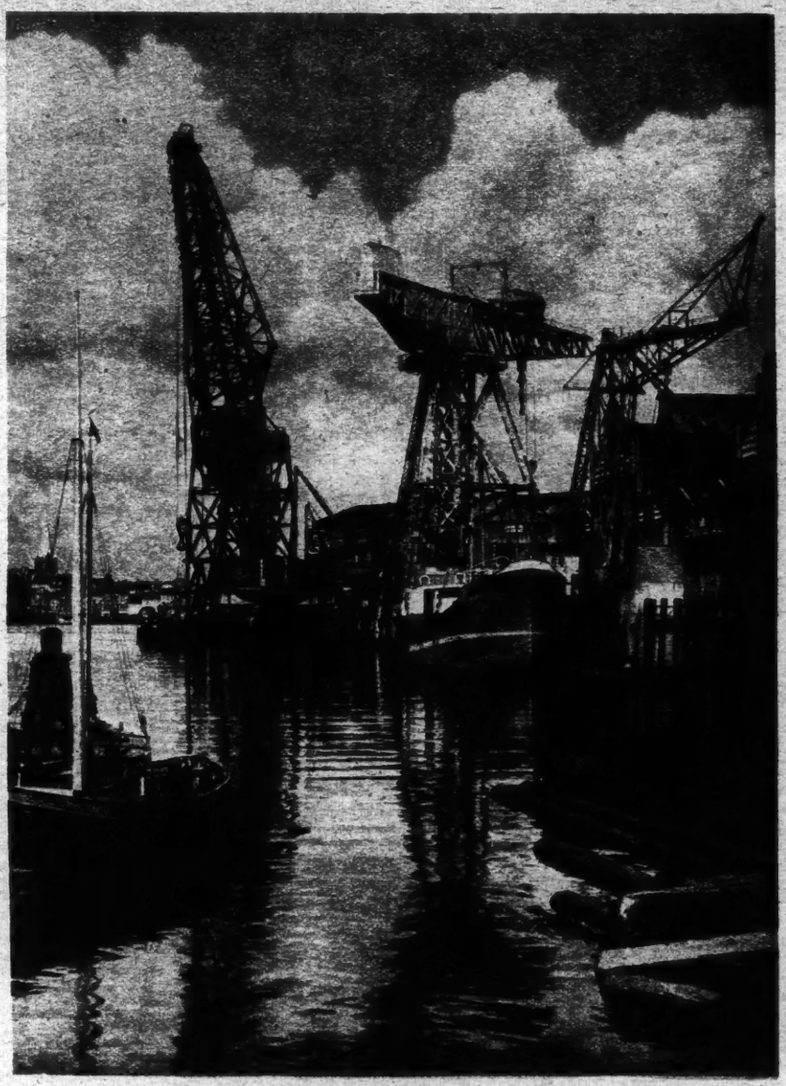
HERE is an acute and detailed picture of Germany's recovery from an experienced British political observer. It is not a sprightly book, but it is free from any sort of official or quasi-official utterances, it is refreshingly unaffected by any of the rancors of the war and it is most informative where many Americans would most readily prefer to seek their information. It could not have been written but for the author's lifelong acquaintance with the German people. Germany as an abstraction disappears in its frank pages, and one sees what has been almost as much clouded during the peace as during the war, the mental movements of German individuals, speaking with and to their own people about their own domestic concerns. The text has a bona fide ring to it, which is the more convincing since so many of the competent leaders Sir Philip quotes speak with modest uncertainty and hazard quite different solutions in the matter of the future course and destiny of Germany.

The author was educated in Germany, and even before that saw the first French wounded coming back to Düsseldorf as a boy on his first visit during the War of '71. He has crossed the North Sea practically every year since 1919 as a British member of the Disposals Board, as an emissary of the British Commonwealth Union, of which he is one of the leaders in Parliament, and on a special mission with the Secretary of the so-called Industrial Group in the House of Commons. He has reported to the British reviews and to Industrial Management in this country the views and opinions of trade union leaders throughout Germany, together with the facts which seemed to him to lie beneath them; he has canvassed a very wide acquaintance in the German official service and in the ranks of business, and his book may very properly be esteemed, from its own interior evidence and from other contemporary information to hand, a very able and informative fact-finding study, modestly offered with no trumpery by a sympathetic and intelligent friend of the German people.

American business men are alert to the fact that Germany's recovery is advertising itself, for wholly proper self-defensive purposes, a little more rapidly than is actually taking place. But in the field of merchandise exports there is no doubt that Germany has been finding her feet remarkably since 1924. Then the nation commanded less than 50 per cent. of its export business before the war. But the figures since the operation of the Dawes plan has provided the turning point in a real swing-back toward pre-war conditions testify to a solid and well-founded growth. In 1925 German exports grew from $1,288,000,000 to $1,657,000,000, close to 70 per cent. of the 1913 outgoing trade of Germany. At least one month of the present year has actually equaled the pre-war exporting trade of Germany, and, what is even more important, a favorable balance of foreign trade is being approached. Prognosticators of economic futures may fairly say that Germany will be at par again in two or three years, and the amount of business done in exporting will will equal the amount, if not the share, of Germany's former activity with the trading nations of the world.

One of the particular studies to which the author devoted himself was how Germany has gone about it to make these exports possible. Under the Dawes arrangement it is more essential for Germany to develop her foreign trade again than it is for her former customers to take her goods. This is a problem for Germany to solve, and with under-production still a serious matter—about 80 per cent. of 1913, Sir Philip estimates—progress has not been easy. Yet today every branch of industry of any importance has its foreign trade office. There are forty-six of such offices all together, created by voluntary agreements—not merely by a cartel of manufacturers, as before the war, but by compacts between groups of owners and workers' associations. Their cooperation is a force which nullifies the eight-hour day even, if that first charter of the German Republic is found to be hampering the trade growth which is Germany's salvation. There are now throughout German industry semi-official and self-governing boards, elected from the management and the ranks of the industry, who have in their hands the propagation of German foreign trade. They supervise and stimulate with a minimum of competition, and they have restored a large part of the old alliance with the banks and the steamship companies which made German foreign trade formidable in the past. It is even possible to enforce price control as a check on the overseas elements of the trade, and all elements cheerfully bear a social export duty of from 1 to 10 per cent., which applies to most of the goods exported.

This is but one example of the recovery of the old German technique in economic life. The author cites a great many cases of less direct interest to Americans, especially in the organisation of domestic German industry, which deserve very careful study. He speaks with the greatest respect, for instance, of the post-war position of the Dye and Chemical Cartel, and frankly admits it is even stronger than in pre-war days, adding the admission that if the barrier of the British Import bill were removed the new British dye and chemical industry would not survive German competition six months. He instances the success of the Germans in supplying steel rails to the United States, in spite of the tariff, as a wholesome proof of the vitality of the German steel agency. He tells British manufacturers that unless they have an agreement with their bankers that whenever a loan is floated abroad a substantial share of materials to be supplied under its terms shall come from England they will be ignoring a device universally utilised in Germany. The National Foreign Trade Council, by the way, is urging this same defensive strategy on this country, and finds no end of citable cases of foreign practice, British practice as well as others, to point the self-evident moral.



Shipbuilding Yards at Kiel.

From "Picturesque Germany." (Brentano's)

The author also emphasizes Germany's striking development in electrification, even through the years of her apparent poverty, and it is a vivid reminiscence of Mr. Hoover's insistence on the immediate need of new waterways in this country to run across his long and detailed list of building and projected canals which will capitalize to the utmost extent Germany's strategical interior position in Europe. With energetic measures being taken to link up the German rivers, headed by the grandiose Rhine-Danube Canal, which the Germans speak of as the new Suez Canal, and with electric trains in prospect between Berlin, Dresden and Vienna, and between Berlin, Munich, Basle and Vienna, the Germans are today most ambitiously concerned of all the Continental nations in changing the transportation map of Europe.

Germany to the author is full of phenomenal developments. The nation has made an extraordinary success in commercial air lines since the war largely because of the far-sighted initiative that in Germany seems to wed technical possibilities with financial investment at the earliest practicable moment. Another much less known instance of this same quality is the concentration of effort in the German shipbuilding industry on the motor ship. Not only was a close-bound organization available wherein, apparently, the Deutsche Werft, the Allgemeine Elektrische Gesellschaft and the steel industry adopted common and mutually convenient methods of standardized design and manufacturing and assembling processes, but the combined initiative that resulted acted from the early days after the war in the common conviction that the motor ship was to be "the main asset of the naval industrial future," and recently justified its foresight by placing an order substantially underbidding the big British shipbuilding companies. In short, as the author bluntly sums up under this head of his discussion, "organization between trade and industry in Germany has never been better; the cooperation between the large industrial interests never more efficient."

And yet in 1922 it was doubtful if the cohesion of Germany would be sufficient to hold the nation together without some terrible economic breakdown of the whole system. The paradox of Germany's post-war experience is one of the most remarkable chapters in world economics as the author relates it. The collapse of the mark brought about an era of individualism in Germany that seemed a grotesque parody on German efficiency. As one reads the efforts of the business leaders to stem the tide one sees two (*Continued on Page 19*)

The Old South Yields To the New

In Literature, as in Industry, the Tide Has Definitely Turned

By ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

WRITING of America in his Journal, June 18, 1838, Emerson exclaims: "No lack of pretension is there. Oh, no; all we be is placarded in square miles of newspapers, and the characteristic of the American in Europe is 'pretension.' But it is fair to ask the Reformers, Democrats, New Churches and Transcendentalists, Where is your poetry, your science, your art? Why slumbers the creative hand?" At any time during these past sixty years the brooding spirit, contemplating the South, might echo Emerson: "It is fair to ask these conservatives, Democrats, politicians and Fundamentalists, Where is your poetry, your science, your art? Why slumbers the creative hand?" Only within the past few years has the somnolent South, economically blighted by the simoon of a devastating war, temporarily arrested in educational and cultural development by widespread poverty and the vulgar necessity of keeping alive, begun to wake from its lethargic slumber and spread the wings of the creative Spirit.

The South passed painfully through a period sardonically entitled by Northern historians "Reconstruction"; and, that formidable barrier valiantly surmounted, vigorously set to work upon a genuine reconstruction of her industrial and economic life. There is not even unconscious humor in Irvin Cobb's recent observation: "The South stands on her record of the most amazing performance in the history of the world in the matter of self-rehabilitation and recovery from practical obliteration." It was expected, however, that the reconstruction of the South's intellectual life should lag far behind the reconstruction of her business and financial affairs. Literature is a function of leisure, and leisure is an individual and social state procured by economic independence. "Art is a necessary outcome of a certain degree of prosperity," observes the Spanish novelist, Palacio-Valdez, "attained by countries where man, having overcome the obstacles opposed to his subsistence, recovered from his fatigue and enjoyed life quietly." So today, despite the giant handicaps of a Southern public which is the poorest field for the national publishing firms, the widespread dearth of great or even considerable libraries, the political solidity which tends to paralyse real leadership and constructive thinking, the absence of publishing house or even influential magazine of national significance, the insensibility of the people as a whole to the reading habit, the religious fundamentalism which tends to cripple scientific investigation and stifle the free range of mind—despite these, and other impediments, a not inconsiderable group of men and women, not inconsiderable either in numbers or in talent, is beginning to be clamantly vocal in art.

Economic prosperity alone cannot explain this phenomenon. For the past fifty years the strangest pull has been exerted upon the Southern scholar or man or woman of literary and scientific talent to seek higher culture and completer development in other sections of the country, which are rich in educational facilities, literary atmosphere and the cult of appreciation of art. Woodrow Wilson, Walter Page, David Houston, Colonel House assumed posts of great national responsibility and international influence as representatives not of Virginia, North Carolina or Texas but of New Jersey, Missouri and New York.

Neither can it be successfully maintained that literary criticism has flourished in the South or exerted a preponderant influence in arousing to expression the creative spirit of the South. Quite the reverse! For fifty years after the war between the States the South deluded itself with the fantastic and thoroughly pernicious notion that her scholars were depreciated, her literature discriminated against or ignored, solely on account of sectional prejudice. The South, sensitive to the slightest criticism, smarting under the sting of defeat and the widespread cataclysm of ruin, subconsciously constructed an elaborate defensive mechanism; that though defeated in battle, her people were quite the equals if not the superiors of the people of other sections, in literature and the creative arts.

This philosophy of esthetic defeatism has been the South's worst handicap. For all her gracious social culture, the aristocratic benignity of ante-bellum days, the patriarchal life, the noble tone, and the elegance of that planter society, the South was never creative in art. The essentially rural conditions, the isolation of the great plantations, the remoteness from centres of literary influence usually found in great cities which the South did not possess—all these factors militated decisely against literary productivity. The stimulus was lacking. After the war between the States, the South, seeking to compensate by quantity for dearth of quality, uncritically compiled literary anthologies, crammed with the names of countless "authors" whose writings in most cases deserved the name of "literature" only because they had been written.

A new generation, realistic, irreverent, radical, has come into being almost overnight. It was born this side of the fiery struggle happily enough. It is free of the taint of sectionalism and is indifferent to the tradition of "Southern" literature. Indeed the intelligentsia of the new South cares primarily for literature as a creative function of the human spirit and not as a mere appendage or manifestation of the people of some particular section of the earth's surface. It is finding, at last, a few congenial cases of liberal thought and cultural stimulus in the dreary desert of political standpatism, sociological stagnation and religious obscurantism; such educational centres as Chapel Hill and Nashville, Richmond, Columbia, Charleston, Dallas and New Orleans.

For years the Southern soil had been undergoing an almost imperceptible fertilization and tillage by a small group of writers and critics. The critics were the literary fringe of an educational movement headed by such conspicuous figures as Alderman, Page, Graham, McIver, Kirkland and their fellow-crusaders. The patriotic agencies of the Southern Education Board and later of the General Education Board, pouring money and intelligent activity into the more needy regions of the South for the general elevation of educational standards proved a powerful stimulus to Southern thought and self-analysis. Critics of the type of Murphy, Brown, Smith, Mims and Dodd, for example, began to make intensive and impartial studies of the civilization of the ante-bellum South, the plantation régime, the sociological relations of the white and black races, the cultural advances of the post-bellum South and the conditions favorable to the development of the creative and critical literary spirit in the South of today. The notable success of O. Henry as a short-story writer, the brilliant neo-romanticist stories of James Branch Cabell, the slowly maturing genius of Ellen Glasgow, displayed in a long series of realistic novels vivid with graphic social contrasts, the conquest of the public by Mary Johnston with her stirring romances set in Southern environment—these were predominant influences in the South's literary awakening.

From the Jacket Design by W. T. Benda for the New and Revised Edition of "My Antonia," by Willa Cather.

(Houghton Mifflin Company.)

The trenchant assaults by H. L. Mencken upon the embattled traditions of the old South, his boisterous exposures of the literary sterility of the new South, distorted out of true perspective as these pronunciamentos were by the pen of the caricaturist, nevertheless proved salutary in arousing many of the younger generation to a sense of pained awareness of the South's cultural deficiency. The younger Southerners, men and women, lacking as yet the talent to command place in the established national literary magazines, set to work to found little literary magazines as media for their fledgling literary efforts. There was The Reviewer, the pretty plaything of Emily Clark and Hunter Stagg, surrounded with the glamour of "révolution poudrée," utterly without economic base, but able to run four years under the forced power of youthful enthusiasm. For love of good literature famous writers did their bit without other compensation; and not a few aspiring Southern talents made pin-feather flights across its pages—Gerald Johnson, Frances Newman, Julia Peterkin, Emily Clark. Eventually taken over by a North Carolina group, consisting of Paul Green, Gerald Johnson, Addison Hibberd, Nell Battle Lewis, a program of small compensation for contributions was inaugurated; but, after something more than a year of gallant struggle against lamentable lack of support and financial loss, The Reviewer was sold to The Southwest Quarterly, witif which it has been incorporated. And so it goes with the little magazines: some weather the gales for a while, like The Double Dealer, an exotic sophisticate; others like The Southern Literary Magazine and The Southern Review take quick headers into oblivion. The one genuine achievement in this respect is The Virginia Quarterly Review, solidly underwritten for a term of years, ably edited by Professor James Southall Wilson of the University of Virginia and a group of wide-awake associates. Bar the academic Sewanee Review, the high-brow Double Dealer, the historico-politico-social South Atlantic Quarterly and the sociologic-economic Journal of Social Forces, The Virginia Quarterly Review is the first product of a really sane and intelligent effort to produce a national literary magazine in the South. It definitely puts the South on test. If the South does not support The Virginia Quarterly Review, it proves itself what Mencken has roundly called it—"the Sahara of the Bozart."

The rise of the State poetry societies, and the establishment of little organs of poetry, throughout the South, have proved a genuine stimulus to poetic writing. Prizes here, prizes there, are constantly being announced as offered or awarded by different Southern organizations. Notable among the publications are the annual Year Book of the South Carolina Poetry Society, with which are particularly associated the names of DuBose Heyward, Hervey Allen, and Beatrice Ravenel, and the Fugitive

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Armageddon in an Epic Poem

CONFLICT AND QUEST. By Francis Seymour Stevenson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

THE recent World War is still largely an untapped field for the poet. Despite the mass of casual versification and even of genuine lyricism that issued under the stress of conflict, the struggle has been but little regarded for its epic possibilities. Yet the human race has probably lived through no greater and more terrible epic, and by comparison with the spectacular and fateful events of the years between 1914 and 1918 the heroic exploits of old Greece and Troy dwindle to the dimensions of a sideshow staged by children.

The epic poet of the World War, it must be confessed, has not yet appeared, but at least one writer has emerged with well-formed epic aspirations. Francis Seymour Stevenson, in his ambitious "Conflict and Quest," has drawn upon the war for the theme of a poem not less than seven or eight thousand lines long—a poem that, from the point of view of length, has little to fear by comparison with any of the English classics. It is a poem that seeks to survey the entire war in general perspective but that confines itself in particular to the adventure of its hero—the airman Godolphin—and his experiences in the Near East. As one might expect, military campaigns play a prominent part in the tale, and many pages are given over to accounts of the engagements in Palestine; and there are also numerous passages relating to the hero's adventures and to his love affairs, while a considerable section is devoted to the remedy for warfare, which the author seems to see in the Uniate churches of the East and in the reunion of Christendom.

Obviously, this theme offers splendid possibilities; obviously, if handled with the skill of a master craftsman, the poem might rise to greatness. Mr. Stevenson has a certain amount of mechanical talent in versification; his lines flow steadily and smoothly, and but rarely jar upon the ear; and throughout the course of his 300 pages he never descends from the standard he has set himself. And yet one feels that he has no more than touched upon the possibilities of his theme; that he has suggested rather than definitely demonstrated the scope and power of his subject matter.

Very reluctantly, in view of the gigantic task Mr. Stevenson has set himself, one is forced to admit that as a poem "Conflict and Quest" is mediocre. To begin with, the writer has perhaps been ill-advised in choosing the beautiful but difficult Spenserian stanza, for his indebtedness to the author of the "Faerie Queene" is all too apparent, not only in the verse form but in a repeated Spenserian turn of expression and archaism of manner. Even this, however, might be overlooked, although such obsolescent terms as "gree" and "gramarye" (occurring in the first stanza of the poem) are not to be condoned even by the exigencies of rhyme. But Mr. Stevenson's real failing is to be found in the vagueness of his phraseology, the pallidness of his imagery. While it is true that any literary work—and in particular a lengthy one—should be judged by the totality of the effect it produces rather than by the treatment of details, yet in Mr. Stevenson's work we find such insistent recourse to trite and overworked expressions and such repeated use of the colorless epithet that the author is unable to convey the intensity of his emotions or to give an impression of freshness and strength. It can hardly be said, for example, that a poet is vivid in description when he refers to

> *a wondrous maid*
> *In form and loveliness beyond compare,*

or when he tells us that

> *the sun's first rays revealed the morn,*
> *And tinged the mountain-tops with golden sheen.*

And these lines are typical of the entire book, typical of the unimpressive although easy and fluent manner in which Mr. Stevenson tells his story. No doubt the poem is not completely ruined by the continued recurrence of the hackneyed and the threadbare, but some of its finest possibilities are lost; and, because a majority of the passages lack that distinction one has a right to expect, one must conclude that the poem is notable chiefly as a striking and curious experiment, and that it is interesting less for what it has accomplished than for its intimations of what it might have been.

STANTON A. COBLENTZ.

Roy Chapman Andrews Goes a-Digging in Mongolia

The Central Asiatic Expedition Sought for Evidence of Ancient Man and Found Some Dinosaur Eggs

ON THE TRAIL OF ANCIENT MAN. By Roy Chapman Andrews. 318 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE title of Mr. Andrews's book is somewhat misleading and it may be that it was forced on him for the sake of making sales, for he makes it very clear in the first chapter that the expedition was not looking for "ancient man," but had a much broader scientific object in view. The real object of the expedition was to get some proof that Central Asia was the dispersion centre of animal life. This theory has been argued back and forth for years, but no one had ever tried to look up the evidence. Andrews proposed to go to the Gobi Desert and see for himself whether there were any fossil remains of this theoretically abundant life. There were, of course, the usual objections. It hadn't been done before, so it couldn't be done at all. There was no water. All fossils were covered with sand and there weren't any fossils anyway. But Andrews thought he knew better, and it turned out he did.

Battlement Bluffs at the Flaming Cliffs, Where the Dinosaur Eggs Were Found in 1923.

The first few months were spent in the more thinly settled parts of North China, so that the men could get an idea of how to go about the work before setting out into the unknown. This part of the book is comparatively uninteresting, being merely another hunting story. Of all forms of literature, the "roughing it" story has least variety. The details may vary a bit, but in the end some stupid brute is "collected" for some museum and everybody goes home sunburned but happy. In common justice to Mr. Andrews, though, it must be admitted that his book has very little of this sort of stuff.

When they'd salted away enough of the fauna of Northern China they started on the real expedition. Mr. Andrews had been in Mongolia before and had come to the conclusion that most of the difficulties of the terrain could be overcome by using automobiles, backed up with a camel caravan to carry the gasoline. The plan worked beautifully, so beautifully in fact that it sounds a good deal easier to get to the Gobi Desert in a Dodge than to go to Atlantic City over the week-end in the same car. This may make the story dull from an adventurer's point of view, but it certainly proves good management on the part of the author, who quotes Stefansson's famous remark that "adventures are a mark of incompetence."

From this point on the book tells of the really momentous discoveries made in the science of paleontology. Numberless fossils were dug up which answer to appalling Latin names and had hitherto been found only in Europe or the Rocky Mountains. This goes a long way to prove, according to our author, that life of all kinds came originally from Central Asia, which was then a well-watered and fertile plain. But the book doesn't attempt to be technical, for there are twelve volumes of reports being written on the results of this expedition, and the scientists are left to fight it out among themselves. But, nevertheless, the lay reader gets the impression that Mr. Andrews's side of the controversy has rather the better of it.

The climax from a popular point of view is reached with the finding of the famous dinosaur eggs. Everybody has heard of these, and there isn't much more to be learned from the book. In fact, a good many people who like to get their science from the tabloids and Sunday supplements are going to be sadly disappointed. The dinosaur eggs aren't any bigger than the ostrich eggs which graced our ancestral whatnots. Mr. Andrews sadly remarks that the public won't be satisfied until he finds them an egg as big as a hogshead. A nine-inch egg from a nine-foot dinosaur, mostly tail, is about the best effort we ought to expect.

Mr. Andrews and a Guide in Mongolia.

In the somewhat "popular" vein which Mr. Andrews has adopted for the purpose of familiarizing his work to the large public of "Beebe fans" which will enjoy the record of his explorations, this is what happened:

> Ten million years ago a goblin-like creature stood on the edge of a shallow basin in what now is called Mongolia. Its great round eyes stared unblinkingly from a thin hatchet face, ending in a hooked beak. Its head sloped up and back into a circular bony frill, which formed a solid armature over the neck and fore-shoulders. Low in front and high behind, with its nine-foot body ending in a thick tail, it seemed like a horrid nightmare fantasy. Slowly it waddled down the slope and settled itself into the red sand. And there in the hollow it left twenty elliptical white eggs, fated, though warmed by the sun's rays, never to be hatched. * * *
>
> It was on a brilliant day of midsummer, ten million years after the reptile had made its nest in the sandy hollow, that we pitched our tents on the rim of a great depression just above the spot where the eggs were laid. Since that far, dim day when they were left to be hatched by the cretaceous sun, hundreds of feet of sediment had drifted over them and, through the action of wind, frost and rain, had been worn away again, leaving them half exposed. Some showed only as bits of broken shell, but four remained intact. They were no longer white; during their long entombment they had changed to a delicate brown.
>
> The preservation is beautiful. Some of the eggs have been crushed, but the pebbled surface of the shells is as perfect as if the eggs had been laid yesterday instead of ten million years ago. The shells are about one-sixteenth of an inch thick and doubtless were hard and not membranous. Fine sand has filtered through breaks and the interior of all the eggs is solid sandstone. * * * Most interesting of all was the fact that in two eggs that had been broken in half we could plainly detect the delicate bone of the embryonic dinosaurs.

This discovery, the most sensational made by the Central Asiatic Expedition, was the first scientific proof of the hitherto unsuspected fact that dinosaurs were oviparous.

Not only did the expedition fail to locate ancient man it was treated to the most disappointing of all experience to an archaeologist:

> "Well," said Nels, "it isn't much, but I guess we've got a skeleton of Pleistocene man."
>
> Pleistocene man! Good heavens! What we had all been dreaming of for years!
>
> Morning saw us early at the Pleistocene deposit and we waited almost breathlessly while Nelson set to work to excavate the skeleton. It was in loose clay and the matrix was easily warped away. Horrors, a bit of decayed wood! My heart went down and down, when a leg bone was exposed *wrapped in birch bark*. Our dream of Pleistocene man was shattered hopelessly. This was a burial. * * * True enough, it was old, but only a paltry thousand years or so and that meant nothing in our young lives. It must have been pre-Mongol, for now there are no birch trees within hundreds of miles of this region and there have been none for centuries.

Central Asia is perhaps the least known and most important area in the world. It has produced successive races which have overrun all of Asia and a large part of Europe. The Huns, the Magyars, the Turks and the Tartars all came from this Central Asiatic plateau; it's even likely that our own race came from there some time before the dawn of history. Genghis and Kubla Khan, Attila and Tamerlane were all Central Asiatics. And today the country is again the focal point of tremendous forces; Russia, China, Japan and India all come together in the centre of the continent. The fate of the white race may be decided again somewhere near the Gobi Desert. It's happened several times in the past.

And yet this expedition of trained observers and experienced travelers brought almost nothing out of the country except scientific data of rarefied academic interest. Of course all scientists will protest that was all they were looking for. The objectives were reached. Science has data to work on for the next ten years. All this is true. But science is becoming more and more generalized. Chemistry turns to biology for assistance, and biology turns to psychology. Modern scientific expeditions should have in addition to their staff of specialists at least one man with broad literary, historical and social experience. His job would be to talk to the people, take down their songs, learn their language if possible, and generally use his imagination in hunting up clues for future research. This man would be the expedition's historian; he would do the writing and the note-taking for any non-scientific book about the discoveries. The paleontologists and zoologists would not have to change themselves without warning into literary men.

A proper person for this position would be hard to find. He must be able to write, to learn languages quickly, and above all to sympathize with all kinds of people. He must know history and be passionately curious about everything under the sun.

For lack of such a historian the Central Asiatic expedition suffers. It does not seem that Mr. Andrews has struck quite the golden mean between journalism and science in presenting his popular account of his researches. Many who read "On the Trail of Ancient Man," with its accounts of literally stumbling upon archaeological treasures, will get the impression that paleontology is a sort of hit-or-miss affair, when the true basis of such work is in knowing where to look. Mr. Andrews's discoveries show that he knows where to look, and how to look, but his popular account of them conveys the impression that he is a sort of gifted amateur who stumbled across prehistoric skeletons in a forest of exclamation marks; while in Beebe's works you forget the man of letters in the passionate curiosity of the man of science. Nevertheless, "On the Trail of Ancient Man" will serve to remind us that there are as good fish to come out of the dead sea of Central Asia as ever lurked off Galapagos, and that Mongolia is as good a place as any to seek the answers to some scientific and political riddles.

In the Green Mountains of Vermont

TRAILS AND SUMMITS OF THE GREEN MOUNTAINS. By Walter Collins O'Kane. Illustrated with photographs. 272 pp. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

WHILE this attractive little pocket-size volume is essentially a guide book, Professor O'Kane has worked so much of his own enthusiasm for high places into the text that it makes fascinating reading even for those who do not anticipate a climbing trip in the immediate future.

The whole State of Vermont, as we see it across the pages of this book, is a billowy mass of rolling hills; but all of the highest peaks and a greater part of the more interesting trails are located on the main axis range, which Professor O'Kane refers to as a "great, broken ridge pole of mountains," that extends the entire length of the State from north to south. The varying contours of these uplands are open pages in the geology of the region, while the bare, rocky summits provide intimate records of rock building and gradual erosion, especially when Professor O'Kane shows us how to interpret them.

The chapter on trail building in Vermont is not less interesting because of the fact that all but a few paragraphs are comparatively recent history. While Professor O'Kane states that many of the present mountain trails were probably Indian paths and has noted the few early ventures in Vermont mountaineering, the really interesting part of this chapter deals with such things as have transpired since 1910. It was in that year that the Green Mountain Club was organized, and organized for the express purpose of building a trail along the main range of mountains for the entire length of the State. Professor O'Kane's story of the building of this trail is an accurate chronicle of the construction of one of the finest forest paths in the country, and he gives much credit to such people as C. P. Cooper, a President of the club; Professor Will S. Monroe, builder of the famous Monroe Skyline Trail, and Miss Emily S. Proctor.

Professor O'Kane has chosen twenty-two of the highest and most interesting of Vermont's peaks and devotes a chapter of complete description to each one. The last chapter gives the reader a birdseye view of the entire length of the "long trail," with sufficient references to parts of the other chapters to make the description complete. Sketch maps of the various sections indicate the course of the trail and the location of the shelter camps.

Altogether the book is a fine addition to the literature of Vermont's mountains, embracing within its covers a fund of information never before available in convenient form.

Corsica Is Off the Beaten Track of Tourists

Réné Juta Adventures Among the Unadvertised Beauties Of the Land of the Vendetta

CONCERNING CORSICA. By René Juta. 198 pp. With eight illustrations in full color by Jan Juta. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

By ALEXANDER I. NAZAROFF

EUROPE in general and the Mediterranean in particular abound in regions and countries which, however picturesque and interesting, remain for some reason or other out of the way of ordinary tourists and adventure-seekers. In travel, as in life, we like much-trodden highroads and avoid solitary paths. Nice, the Côte d'Azur, Biarritz, Lucerne, the Italo-Swiss lakes, &c., with their specifically cosmopolitan atmosphere, with unavoidable "Hôtels d'Angleterre" and with red volumes of Baedecker displayed in the windows of every bookshop, are known to every one who knows Europe. Many become tired of these places; many are bored by the "chic" of "splendid" restaurants, casinos and cafés. Yet few are those who decide to deviate from these Meccas and Medinas of the contemporary traveler. A skeptic may say that in our adventurism we are pre-eminently unadventurous. We like dusty highroads. We avoid solitary paths, even if history has trodden them.

This does not apply, however, to Miss Réné Juta, for it is Corsica that lured her. She spent there only two months, but that was enough for her to fall in love with this sunny and colorful island. Its "salmon-red" cliffs, its "sweetest-scented hillsides in the world," its Genoese citadels and fortresses towering out of rock, literally conquered her heart. It is true that Miss Juta's love for Corsica is somewhat blind, as first-sight loves usually are. Miss Juta does not know her hero very well. Her knowledge of his biography—that is to say, history—is rather scant and fragmentary—a fact which she herself admits with perfect frankness. Equally insufficient is her familiarity with Corsica's population. Yet the thing that matters is that she loves, for loving she makes us at least admire.

Perhaps the only thing that shocks the reader in Miss Juta's light and entertaining books is the self-consciously coquettish tone which her narrative assumes here and there. Wading through "luminous light colored plants * * * like a Renoir picture," through "sandy meadows * * * like a Potret decoration" and through other similar "likes," one sighs at times for more simplicity and less refinement, for refinement, if overdone, is a very ungrateful thing. The reader feels also rather uneasy when Miss Juta "recommends" something to her "friend," André Maurois. Was there any need of informing the reader of her friendship with the famous author? Could not the generous "recommendation" be conveyed to him in some other, less public, manner? In a book which is meant to be all elegance, taste and super-refined mental manners such passages are deplorable. They are, however, to be encountered mainly in lyrical, philosophic and other digressions. Descriptive parts of the book do not abound in them.

Expressive and picturesque are the pages which Miss Juta devotes to the portrayal of Corsican cities. Here is, for instance, Bonifacio, from the walls of which Genoa dominated the rebellious and unsubmissive island for four-odd centuries:

> From the sea it is a city tower-ing out of rock; tall, towering houses of defence, gathered like a cohort, glistening, watching the seas; high houses with Genoese balconies at rare intervals, and sweeping vaults and arches spanning narrow streets and linking all into a complete design. It is an archive of the Middle Ages, and, salted by the sea, stands preserved until the fleas eat it up, or its two thousand donkeys and as many inhabitants fall two hundred feet into the water which waits for them on three steep sides.
>
> The day I arrived in the rattling bus from Sartène and jolted over the drawbridg the town was like a dream * * * a great surprise; the sea was more real.

The whole country is "an archive of the Middle Ages," nay, of history in general. Indeed, every epoch has left its imprint on the body and in the soul of the island. From prehistorical habitations, the stone 'Nu-raghi' of Lybian origin, and splendid débris of the Roman domination to the castles of early medieval barons, from Italian and Aragonese fortresses to the traces of the short-lived British rule at the close of the eighteenth century—all is to be found here. The still surviving practice of "vendetta" (the blood vengeance), the still prevailing traditions, customs and legends of past centuries—such are some of the spiritual museum pieces preserved in the isolated island. To one who wants to travel historically but not geographically, to one who wants to cover centuries instead of covering miles, Corsica is undoubtedly a very promising land. And Miss Juta succeeds in reviving here and there these forgotten historical shadows haunting the colorful island. From Garibaldi's tomb at Caprera she leads us to Ajaccio, haunted by the memory of the greatest Corsican, Napoleon. From Paoli, the famous Corsican patriot who struggled against revolutionary France, she passes to numerous other heroes, revolutionists, fighters and trouble-makers. Perhaps the most interesting of them is the famous Baron Theodore von Neuhoff, one of the most remarkable adventurers of the adventurous eighteenth century, who, after a long series of daring escapades in Germany, Spain, France and Holland, landed in Corsica and crowned himself King of the picturesque island. For everything was possible in Corsica during this golden age of adventure. The pages which Miss Juta devotes to his short-lived rule, to his struggle against Genoa and to his tragical flight to London are both humorous and suggestive.

But Miss Juta's interest is not only in the past; Corsica's present is also dear to her. The life of lazy and good-natured Corsican fishermen, the wanderings with the lobster fleet off Calvi, the stories told by Corsican women in their mournful black national dresses—such are the subjects which she mingles with description and history. And she succeeds in giving us telling and interesting glimpses of Corsica's present. Here is, for instance, a brief characterization of the island's political life. At Piana Miss Juta and her brother, with whom she traveled, were invited to visit the house of the tax collector.

> His cellar door was riddled by bullets in last May's elections. Politics and elections have taken up the played-out rôles of Genoa and other conquerors. In politics Corsica finds herself—energy and excitement are satisfied. Families become temporarily estranged; murders are frequent; shooting proceeds round street corners. "And God help us if ever France gives our women the vote. It will be murder rampant."

Politics, an occasional murder, the arrival of a distinguished foreigner or the marriage of a local notable are the only things that perturb once in a while the peaceful and monotonous life of the Corsican cities, which, after centuries of fighting, have passed under the French rule to a quiet and somnolent rest. The French are excellent colonisers—Miss Juta tells us.

> The French have covered all Corsica with a net of excellent roads that wind in the hills, among unforgettable green, blue and red landscapes, "as if some flying god had taken a ribbon three yards wide and laid it over earth and mountain." They have established lines of convenient steamship communication connecting all important Corsican cities with the mainland. They have done undoubtedly a great deal for Corsica's economic development. Yet, as is often the case of peoples bred on wars and fighting, Corsicans are poor and unenterprising. "A little wine, a little corn, * * * a small stone fortress of a house, a good gun and a horse"—such has been, and practically still is, the Corsican's sum of life. This may be unmodern and unprogressive. But, to believe Miss Juta, it is here that lies one of Corsica's main charms. The little country is obstinately reluctant to pass from the eighteenth century into the twentieth. It still remains a living historical museum in which we, men of the twentieth century, can rest for a while from the ultra-modern, material and spiritual, improvements of our time.

Calvi.

The Wayside Tomb, Ajaccio.

The Illustrations on This Page Are From Water Colors by Jan Juta for "Concerning Corsica."

An Englishman's Life in Borneo

TWENTY YEARS IN BORNEO. By Charles Bruce. Illustrated. 288 pp. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Company. $4.

GREAT BRITAIN'S far-flung civil servants who uphold the majesty and the interests of her empire in all manner of remote places so often manifest the ability to write interestingly of their experiences, even when they have had little or no training in literary expression, that it becomes a matter of real wonderment. Mr. Bruce, for instance, sketching briefly his career before he went to Borneo in 1902, says that he had worked in a solicitor's office as articled clerk to an accountant, in Canada as chore boy on a farm, as a cook in a lumber camp and as paper seller on a train. And earlier in life he had, apparently, attended Rugby School. His service in Borneo really began in the constabulary, but he seems to have progressed rapidly. He was soon a district officer, reigning as untrammeled king over a region of two or three thousand square miles and ten thousand or more population. Later on he served as secretary to the Governor, and was appointed Resident, an important position carrying with it judicial duties.

These various kinds of service took him far and wide and brought him into contact with all manner of people, native and white, and all sides of life. Twenty years of it seem to have soaked his mind to saturation's point with life and affairs in Borneo, and so when he sat down to write what came forth was Borneo, just as he had experienced it for so long a time. The narrative fills in with color and vitality a rather sketchy outline of his own life in that far land, with its varied and multitudinous duties. There are innumerable anecdotes that range in spirit all the way from the trivial and amusing to the tragic, and there are vividly related scenes and incidents that give the reader a more intimate feeling of knowledge of the country than would hundreds of pages of description. And all of it is written with such zest, such eager interest in every experience, such unfailing response to the humorous side of every situation that can possibly have one that the reader is constantly thinking what a good time this young man must have had.

Bonifacio.

George Meredith's "Wits Were Gunpowder"

J. B. Priestley Writes a Penetrating Critical and Biographical Study

***GEORGE MEREDITH.** By J. B. Priestley. English Men of Letters, New Series. (Edited by J. C. Squire.) 204 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.*

By GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

AFTER fifteen years of comparative indifference there are indications of renewed interest in George Meredith.

A revised and enlarged edition of "The Writings and Life of George Meredith," by Mary Sturge Gretton, has just appeared, and in a recent addition to the English Men of Letters Series J. B. Priestley writes of Meredith from a biographical and critical point of view. The primary purpose of Mr. Priestley's book is critical rather than biographical. Only two chapters are devoted to the facts of Meredith's life and an analysis of his character, while the remaining five concern themselves with his attitude, his poetry, the comic spirit, and the form, scope and general characteristics of his fiction.

The creator of Roy Richmond and Sir Willoughby Patterne was born in humble circumstances, the son of a Portsmouth tailor. He was always extremely reticent about his origin, and Mr. Priestley accounts for this by the theory that "in later years he was probably ashamed, not of the tailor's shop, but of his shame of the tailor's shop." We are told that the secret of his human weaknesses was pride—the very quality that is so ridiculed in "Evan Harrington."

Meredith's marriage to Mary Nicholls was a failure, but it was her father, Thomas Love Peacock, who instilled in him the comic spirit which was to cast its "oblique light" on the characters in his later novels. With his second marriage, in 1864, Meredith entered upon a more peaceful and productive period, during which he wrote much and formed many literary friendships. Walking and talking were his chief hobbies. He lived to an honored old age, dying in 1909.

Meredith's refreshing attitude toward nature has caused Mr. G. M. Trevelyan to call him the inspired prophet of sanity, and here, also, he is shown in striking contrast to his Victorian contemporaries, including that Carlyle who "leaves us doubtful whether we are being treated to a baffled and indignant idealism or to chronic dyspepsia." Meredith not only accepted evolution, but built upon it. Religion, in its usual guise, he saw as a paralyzing, ill-balanced force which misshaped all life in its desire to proffer easy consolation. Prayer he regarded as a psychological safety valve. Toward man his attitude was healthy; his is the Greek ideal of a union of blood, brain and spirit. The development solely of intellect had no attractions for him—unlike Bernard Shaw. Presumably the present-day cry of "Athletics for all!" that American colleges are raising would have had Meredith's support.

George Meredith.

From "Men I Have Painted," by J. McLure Hamilton. (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd., London.)

Although Mr. Priestley agrees with many other critics in their praise of "Modern Love," he does not consider Meredith a great poet—too often coldly didactic, his work lacks the emotional qualities of great poetry, and his passion for involved metaphors prevents him from dealing beautifully with simple statements. The comparison of a passage from "A Faith on Trial" with extracts, similar in theme, from Wordsworth and Coleridge gives the impression that Meredith is commenting on life whereas they are expressing life. His poetry, on the whole, is compared to "a very rich pudding, containing the most varied and delightful ingredients, that does not make friends with the palate because it has not been properly mixed or cooked."

The next topic is the comic spirit, which James Moffatt defined as "an attitude of thoughtful laughter"—a definition sound enough, yet conveying no idea of the spontaneity of a spirit capable of sending forth "volleys of silvery laughter." The relation between the comic spirit and common sense and the close connection between Meredith's attitude toward woman and his view of the comic are stressed. He believed that women, like men, could have a past, and he had no patience with those egotistical lovers who, as Mr. Priestley dramatically writes, "are not looking for another human creature, but rather a virgin white page across which they can scrawl their names." He made comedy, and not tragedy, the basis of his fiction, because he chose to present life from an intellectual rather than an emotional standpoint.

Unable to sustain a narrative ("He can do everything, except tell a story," said Oscar Wilde,) obscure in style, frequently clumsy in his exposition, lacking all the middle qualities usually found in the novelist, Meredith is nevertheless shown as the originator of romantic comedy, the novelist of great scenes, a worthy disciple (particularly in "The Egotist") of the Molière-Congreve school, and, in "Richard Feverel," the creator of an ultra-subjective method of describing the action. He does the difficult thing as well as he does the easy thing badly; "he is like a man who cannot pass the salt without spilling it, and yet is able to juggle with six plates and the whole cruet." The influence of Dickens is apparent in his earlier work; in his later books he is mastered by his style, whose complexity conceals the interior simplicity of the novels themselves.

Mr. Priestley's more than adequate treatment of so broad a subject in comparatively brief form is in itself admirable; his criticism is impartial and, for the most part, convincing. That he should call the popular Diana "one of the most strained of all his witty characters" is enough to differentiate him from those eulogists whose saccharine bromides flooded the magazines at the time of Meredith's death, and such phrases as "his wits were gunpowder, and his mind worked in magnificent flashes, spluttering and crackling on its way, like a burning fuse, from one explosion of humor and high emotion to another," reveal Mr. Priestley as a writer who can wax metaphorical without becoming obscure.

Gogol's Gay Tales of the Russian Ukraine

***EVENINGS ON A FARM NEAR DIKANKA.** By Nikolay Gogol. Translated by Constance Garnett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.*

By HENRY JAMES FORMAN

"SOMETHING Russian" has come to be a phrase synonymous with gloom, moral problems, deep mental depression and profound psychological disturbance. When we think of Dostoievsky all the nerve agitation and frisson of "The Brothers Karamazov" come to our minds. With Tolstoy occur the adulteries of Anna Karenina and Vronsky, and with Turgenev the highly wrought serious frictions of a liberal mind that was obsessed by the curse of serfdom. Tchehkov did something to clear the air by a blither, lighter note. But, in general, no one associates Russian literature with gayety.

Yet Nikolay Gogol, the father of Russian literature as we know it, that is, of nineteenth century literature, was a humorist of the first order. And though he himself ended his life in a pietistic gloom more pathological than that of Tolstoy, he began his literary life with laughter and gayety—the two irresistible literary gifts of Scythians.

The secret lay in the fact that he was not really a Russian at all. He was an Ukrainian, which is quite another thing. The Ukraine is a region Americans and even Europeans know very little about.

Ukraine really means the borderland—and the edge or borderland it is. Its language is a dialect of Russian, but its people are musical, song and laughter loving, light-hearted and medieval. Imagine these traits set in about the age of Chaucer, plus such influences as neighboring upon and admixture with the Poles, Turks and remnants of the Golden Horde, which represented the tide of the Orient, may bring, and possibly you can form some notion of the peasantry of the Ukraine. It is a fertile land and gracious, full of soft, brilliant sunlight in Summer, abounding in feasts, superstitions and love-making. To Russia it has given Gogol, Korolenko and many other writers. To English letters it has given Joseph Conrad.

The tradition of Ukraine is that of fighting the Mussulman. Many of us have seen reproductions of the picture of the Cossack hetman writing a letter of defiance to the Turkish or Tartar Emir. Those Cossacks were simply embattled peasants. Along the Dnieper River they maintained strongholds of free volunteer troops, and of their various skirmishes with Poles and Turks they spoke and sang in almost Homeric strain—these Scythians, or Dacians, or whatever ethnically they were. Their psychology was the exuberant gayety of brief periods between wars or battles.

The present volume of tales, "Evenings on a Farm Near Dikanka," was written by Gogol when he was barely 20, just after he came to St. Petersburg from his ancestral estate in the Ukraine. In the great world of the capital he laughed—how he laughed!—at the superstitions and robust humors of his native land,

Nikolay Vasilyevich Gogol (1809-1852.)

but there was a touching homesickness in his picture:

> Do you know the Ukrainian night? Oh, you do not know the Ukrainian night! Look at it; the moon looks out from the centre of the sky; the immense dome of heaven stretches further, more inconceivably immense than ever; it glows and breathes. * * * All the countryside is sleeping. But overhead all is breathing; all is marvelous, triumphal. All the soul is full of the immensity and the marvel; and silvery visions rise up in harmonious multitudes from its depths.
>
> Divine night! Enchanting night! And suddenly it all springs into life—the woods, the ponds and the stones. The glorious clamor of the Ukrainian nightingale bursts upon the night, and one fancies the moon itself is listening in midheaven. * * * The hamlet on the upland sleeps as though spell-bound.

This passage is not easy to render in all its ecstasy, but it is famous in Russian literature. And what, you may ask, happens against this background? Well, young people make love and make merry and circumvent older people, who always, it seems, have to be circumvented. And one of the chiefest of sports is circumventing the devil.

A young man sees his father, the head of the village, making love to his (the boy's) sweetheart. From that moment he becomes a devil himself, almost, in devising tricks and practical jokes to make his pompous father look ridiculous. Robust humor, as we conceded, and doubtless in the original it appears more natural. But a hundred years ago this region was in the fourteenth century, and in many respects it is there still.

To outwit the devil, however, is even greater sport than to outwit stubborn old men.

In almost every story the devil figures as a character. In "The Revenge" a Cossack chieftain guarding the marches of Poland finds that his own father-in-law is at once wizard, devil and spy—just about as confused as those incult intellects that lived by war. A Cossack carries a letter to the Empress Catherine; safe enough he has an adventure with witches and devils on the way—after hearty potations the previous evening.

The devil is all but omnipotent, as the story demands, yet he is always a fool. Any able-bodied Cossack or peasant ultimately and invariably gets the better of him.

> "If my gallant horse is not standing before me at once, may a thunderbolt strike me dead in this foul place, if I do not make the sign of the holy cross over all of you." And he was just raising his hand to do it when the horse's bones rattled before him.
>
> "Here is your horse!"
>
> The poor man burst out crying like a silly child as he looked at them. He grieved for his old comrade:
>
> "Give me some sort of a horse," he said, "to get me out of your den!" A devil cracked a whip—a horse like fire rose up under him and grandad flew upward like a bird.

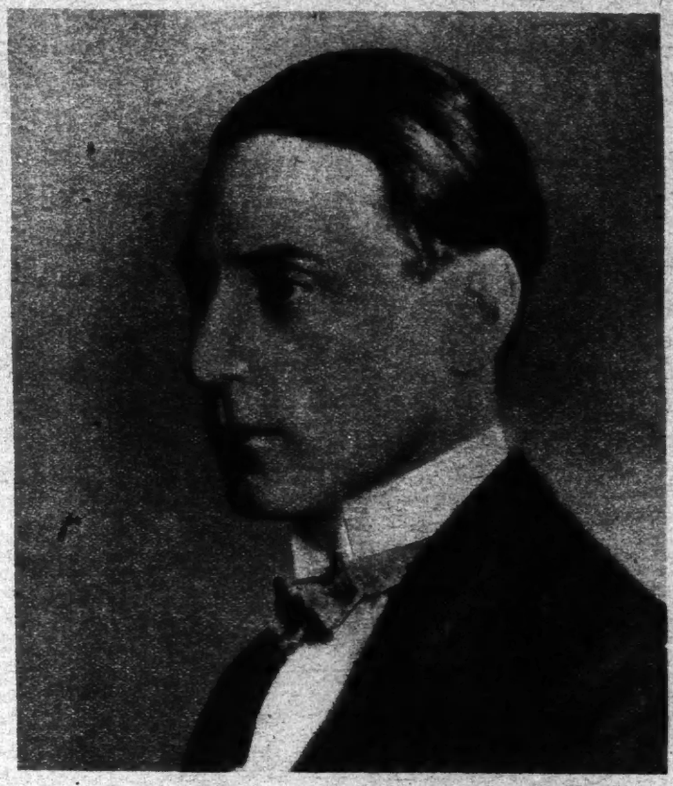
"Christmas Eve" is one of the longest and most characteristic of the tales. It is a variant of the ethnically peculiar legend of the Blacksmith and the Devil. The man who works with blackened face and hands at a lurid forge must have some contact with the Devil. In this tale, together with much realistic Christmas Eve merriment, carol singing and love-making, is set forth the adventure of a young blacksmith in procuring a pair of the Empress Catherine's slippers for his haughty sweetheart, who had laughingly promised to marry him if he accomplished the feat. Here the devil plays the part of the djinn in Arabian tales. He carries the compelling blacksmith to St. Petersburg and brings him back in a night—with the prized slippers of the stout, sensual little German woman who was the Empress Catherine in his pocket. The blacksmith appearing as a courtier with the devil in his pocket is in itself rich humor. And Gogol does not fail here or elsewhere to give the opulent, incisive, realistic picture of Catherine's court.

It must be admitted that other volumes of Gogol will probably prove of more general interest than the present one. The play "Revizor" ("The Inspector General"), "Dead Souls" and Taras Bulba" are doubtless of a more universal appeal. But these first tales of Russia's great humorist in a manner indicate the pedigree and origin of the genius that later produced the greater works. It is richly worth reading for those interested in Russian literature.

Mrs. Garnett's translations are always excellent, though possibly the present volume offered greater resistance to the Anglo-Saxon idiom than most others.

Compton Mackenzie Gives Romance Free Rein

His Latest Novel, "Fairy Gold," Tells a Captivating Love Story



Compton Mackenzie.

FAIRY GOLD. By Compton Mackenzie 447 pp. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $2.

By HENRY LONGAN-STUART

TO the present generation of novelists and critics Compton Mackenzie's adherence to the romantic formula must present itself as something to be marveled at, and, one can well believe, a little envied, even though secretly. Through good and bad report, and in face of the steady invasion of the novel by science, determinism and instinct, he has remained secure in his vision of love between man and woman as something, at its best, infinitely tender, wistful and free, by the very intensity of its flame, from the murk and fume of the senses. He is not at all naïve. On the contrary, a social sophistication seems to balance his pen at its most vertiginous moments, saving him inerrably from the falls into banality which wait upon writers less perfectly equilibrated. A wholesome salt of humor invests his narrative, but he is rather droll than witty. Like Molière, he finds his richest discoveries in the collision between minds that move on incommunicable planes of thought and expression.

Most marked of all, perhaps, is a keen awareness of scenery and atmosphere. This is so subtly interwoven with the story he has to tell that at times it is difficult to decide whether marvels of sea, sky and land are being used to cast a glamour over his situations, or whether the situations themselves lend these aspects their dramatic and unsuspected quality. In other words, Mr. Mackenzie's unfailing tribute to the beauty of which nature is so spendthrift does not wait upon favoring locality. He can be as happily lyrical over a wet night in a mean Camden Town street when the street lamps swim in the drowned asphalt as over a sun rising or setting upon the Aegean Sea or gilding the granite tors and marshes of his own Cornwall.

In "Fairy Gold," the author of "Carnival" and "Altar Steps" has taken what might be called a writer's holiday. Fresh from grappling with the minutiæ of rubrics and church discipline in "Altar Steps" and its two successors, he has given us a story of idealistic love set amid idyllic surroundings. All who follow literary personalities are aware that Mr. Mackenzie, besides being a popular and romantic novelist, is landlord of Herm, the smallest and most fairy-like of the Channel Isles. To describe the almost unearthly charm of Roon, the island home of his new story, he can have had little to do save to draw upon observations that must by now be the stuff of daily and hourly life. At exactly what longitude and latitude upon the map this earthly paradise is situated does not greatly matter. Indications contained in the story itself would seem to tie it up pretty accurately with the Scilly Islands, a little group set in the warm swirl of the Gulf Stream, where storms that roar like any lion can be as soft and moist to the cheek as the fleece of a lamb, and where the transatlantic traveler to Cherbourg, stopping to pick up a pilot at Port Samson, catches the fragrance of narcissi and gladioli borne to him upon the off-shore breeze.

When the story opens the lord of Roon is Sir Morgan Romare, the last of a long line of roystering and impoverished baronets, who have kept the ancient faith and the ancient feudal manners for ten generations. Strange legends beset the Romare pedigree. There is talk of an ancestress, Melusine, who came from the sea and returned to the sea; of a treasure buried in an ancient rowan whose unearthing will mark the fall of the ancient house.

"We have lots of fishy ancestors," remarks Venetia, the very modern daughter of the Romares.

A whim of the War Office, in the year before the last of the war, decides that Roon must be garrisoned against possible submarine raids, and Dick Deverell, an infantry subaltern invalided from the Flanders front, is chosen as its commissioned head. A beer-swilling sergeant and a dozen privates of the class known as "C 3," worthy descendants of Falstaff's immortal levy, make up his command. Dick himself is well in the line of Mr. Mackenzie's previous adolescent creations, personable without insistence, Oxford-bred, casual in speech, unrestrained in imagination, and, for the rest, an essentially decent human being.

Besides the tyrannical old baronet, who shuts himself up in his study to study gambling "systems" and refuses all commerce with the interlopers, only two younger Romares remain on the island. The son and heir, doomed from the first hour of the war, has left home for death upon the Western front. Between the elder daughter, Vivien, and the lonely young officer love is inevitable. Helped at every crisis by Venetia, a little sister whom one is inclined to think the sweetest, most lawless and most engaging hoyden and vixen in recent fiction, the idyll pursues its innocent course, and when an obtuse and apoplectic commanding officer relieves Richard of his absurd duties, and sends him back to the battle front, the young people are engaged.

The end of the war brings little hope to the two lovers. Half-crased by the death of his son and the extinction of his line, the gambling baronet throws restraint to the winds, and the scanty inheritance of the Romares passes from his trembling hands at the gaming tables of Monaco. A greedy profiteer with a marriageable son, scenting a bargain in the possibilities of Roon for the holiday maker, fastens upon landlord and land. Golf courses, metaled roads, besmirch the unspoiled loveliness of Roon. Tea rooms and pavilions and radio cabins arise "pricking a cockney ear" beside its plundered cromlechs and fairy beaches. How the wits of the three young people, suddenly given their chance by the death of their weak-willed senior, defeat the schemes of Sir Caleb and his unutterable son, is Mr. Mackenzie's secret. In fairness, its discovery should be left to those eager readers who, one feels reasonably sure, will tear through the last fifty pages until their fears are set at rest.

No notice of Mr. Mackenzie's splendid story of love between man and maid, which burns through four hundred pages with a sort of pure and confident fervor that no novel one remembers since the war has quite attained, would be adequate without some mention of the descriptive passages that abound in it. Two quotations must suffice.

Greenwater Cove at midnight:

> The winding path of daisies ran like a silver brook between the tender Spring fern. The primroses under the darkling trees showed like dim glow-worms. The perfume of the first bluebells gushed forth upon the kindly air from sheltered nooks where they had grown apace. Far away out on the wide beaches beyond the town the faint whistling of the sea-pies came, delicate as the song of nightingales, or as a nocturne of flutes, and when he paused on the last spur of the valley above the cove, where the plashy ground was odorous with water mint, he saw a pair of the birds running along the glimmering sands, perfect nocturnes themselves with their plumage of shadows and moonlight. The barenness of so much wasted beauty became too poignant.

The "Fairy Gold" has been violated, and a storm bursts over ill-fated Roon:

> All day the wind increased in fury, blowing full from the west with squall after raging squall, in the brief intervals between which the island stared livid green under a haggard effulgence of tortured sunlight. * * * Savage gusts burst in to flap and scream down the corridors like a flight of maddened buzzards. And above the shrieking and demoniac piping, above the bedlamite racket and rataplan, above the high tantaras in the chimney-tops, above the steady droning round the outer walls, above the rattled panes and musketry of snapping boughs and swish of tormented ivy, above the booming of the wind's relentless advance, sometimes in a long roll of oncoming drums, sometimes in salvos of mighty guns, sounded the roaring monotone of the ocean.

Such a novel as "Fairy Gold" is more than a good book. In the present crisis of imaginative literature it is a good deed.

Rise of a Business Woman in a New Novel

SUSAN SHANE. By Roger Burlingame. 411 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

"SUSAN SHANE" reveals its author, Roger Burlingame, as a writer of distinct and maturing talent, who has yet far to go on the road to artistic success, but whose progress hitherto has been so marked as to indicate him as one of those who ascend Parnassus with a sure though slow step. His first novel, "You, Too!" was a biting and satirical study of the advertising business, written in a glow of pure hatred that fascinated while it did not altogether convince. In this, his second work, he traces the effect of worldly success upon a business woman. Every phase of Susan Shane's rise as a restaurateur, from the time she peddled pastries to the Glenvil Arms in the little Summer colony outside of Ilium, N. Y., to her triumph as possessor of a chain of restaurants in New York City, is presented with a vivid sense of character, action and event that is a fine achievement in literary mechanics. Where Mr. Burlingame is yet to advance is in the sphere of texture and content. "Susan Shane" is a little hard, a little arid, a little too mechanical to be a really first-class novel.

The theme is in itself an excellent study of the centripetal forces generated by poverty and incompetence in the small American town. Susan is the daughter of Victor Shane, a happy-go-lucky, flute-playing poor Irishman, who is "sometimes a Socialist, sometimes a Catholic, but most of the time just plays the flute." Her mother, Ruth, is the daughter of affluence in the shape of some chain groceries which are going to seed under the bibulous management of Jack Creel. In such a family somebody has got to be hard-headed if survival is desired, and Susan is the one.

The story opens with Susan contemplating a dollar bill earned by the sale of eggs and saying "It's mine!" That is the attitude she preserves throughout her tempestuous career. She gets her uncle's chef to teach her how to make French pastry and then peddles tarts to the Glenvil Arms and the Summer residents of Glenvil. Later, backed by Bernard Moore, a multi-millionaire with a soft heart and no purpose in life, she buys out Mrs. Moriarty's pastry shop and sets up for herself in business. Later still she buys up Paddy Desmond's candy kitchen and becomes a caterer. After various attempts to pull her uncle Jack through alcoholic and financial delirium tremens, she inherits his restaurant in Ilium and becomes "Susan Shane, Incorporated," head of a flourishing tea shop. Finally, still backed by Bernard Moore, who is fascinated by her hard-headed practicality, she moves to New York and successfully invades the metropolitan field of catering.

To obtain this success she deliberately sacrifices everything that stands in her way. At the outset of her career she vows:

> Mother of God, hear me swear from now thenceforward to let no weakness, no love of man, nothing of any kind at all interfere with my life and my business and my great success. Ave Maria, ora pro nobis. Amen."

This oath is kept. She is hard as the world is hard, as inexorable as economic law, "Money, money, money! It is the only thing in the world!"

> Hard? Why wouldn't I be? You try living with everybody so sick and so poor you got no clothes and shoes, and dirty babies yelling on the floor, Winter after Winter, and scarlet fever and the cold and snow and business stopped. I'd like to be hard like iron nails, hard, hard, hard, so there couldn't nothing ever hurt me, I would. Hard! I'll be hard. I'll show them how a girl can be when everybody in the world's against her. Hard!

Even Bernard Moore, whose amiable indolence is attracted by this iron determination, realizes the seamy side of Susan's career:

> She would make a colossal and terrible success in business, and she would leave a long trail of wreckage behind her. There was a wake of wreckage behind all business success. Human wreckage. There were human beings thrown on the ash heaps by the way. There were old men and women starving, women and children starving; men and women deceived and forgotten; men and women deceived and forgetting in drugs and liquor; girls cut off from work, yielding at last to the easiest money; children sweating away their souls in the repetition of motions; human beings ground by machines, oppressed by machines, cut out of their birthright by machines. These things and others followed in the wake of business success.

But the wreckage that neither Susan nor Bernard appreciated was the wreckage of Susan's own life. The son of a neighbor, David Cord, a farm boy with a genius for sculpture, has been hers from the beginning. David is sent away by a rich relative to study art in Boston, goes to the war, accomplishes great things, comes back, gets a job selling bonds and bumps into Susan at the zenith of her business career and the nadir of his own. She longs for him as she has longed for nothing else, but she wants to possess him, to run him as she would run one of her own restaurants. The mutual love, unspoken and incompatible, is therefore allowed to slip away, and Susan, with the pathetic escape of many a disappointed woman, accepts in marriage to Bernard Moore the wraith of her desire for David.

But what is moral ruin for her is success for him. With the news of her approaching marriage David's prolonged adolescence suddenly yields to virility. "All my life dreaming," he exclaims. "Now I can begin. I can begin! I can begin to live!" An unexpected legacy has given him a little leisure, and the reader is left with David about to create great art and Susan about to taste the material goal of her career—"a big room with a full-length mirror, * * * a dressing table covered with silver, * * * silk to wear, * * * expensive perfume."

One need not be a genius to deduce that Mr. Burlingame's moral is one which is expressed in the saying that it shall not profit a man, or woman, to gain the whole world if the soul be lost in the process. Such an attitude is sound, and his repudiation of material values is restrained and convincing. What is not quite so convincing is Susan's own uninterrupted success. She moves from one stage to another with a puppetlike facility which suggests those smug little pamphlets, "How I doubled my salary by raising guinea pigs in my spare time." In a satirical book a touch of the burlesque is permissible, but "Susan Shane" is not satire. Her business infallibility, and, for that matter, David's artistic progress, seem to be taken a bit too much for granted. Beyond that, the book is only skin deep; its content is very shallow; one can stick a finger in anywhere and poke out not sugar plums but thin air. JOHN CARTER.

They Came Not to Hear Shakespeare, but Marlowe

Charles Edward Russell's Life of the Actress Whose Voice Bewitched a Generation

Julia Marlowe.

JULIA MARLOWE: Her Life and Art. By Charles Edward Russell. 341 pp. Illustrated from photographs. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $5.

By PERCY A. HUTCHISON

IF the question were to be asked to what American actress in recent years has public acclaim been most generously and consistently accorded, there can be little doubt that Julia Marlowe would be named. Yet Miss Marlowe was never a popular actress because she acted in popular plays. Shakespeare, however much the masses may praise him, is not popular with the public. But Julia Marlowe, by the magnetic lure of her interpretations of Shakespearean parts, compelled the public to witness and to enjoy Shakespeare. From the time when, as a young girl, she made her first appearance on the stage to the present day, Miss Marlowe has played but forty-three different rôles, and eleven of these are from Shakespeare. She has seldom acted in a play even approaching the contemporary. This, on the face of it, is an unusual record, and indicative of something unusual. To discover what this is, and to make it apparent to others, has been the purpose of Mr. Charles Edward Russell, in a biography of the artist the title of which is "Julia Marlowe: Her Life and Art." For many years Mr. Russell has acted in the capacity of business adviser to Miss Marlowe; but the practical nature of his relation to the star has in no wise interfered with his capacity to analyze the power of her appeal.

Not in every respect is the book what one would wish it to be; for one thing, it is too long, and it is not equally interesting in all its parts. But it departs from the usual stage biography in one important respect—it does not resort to anecdote. Hence, while it will make less of an appeal to some, it will make a stronger appeal to others, for the work is, above everything else, a study. It therefore recommends itself to any student of the theatre.

One wonders how many in Miss Marlowe's audiences have been aware of the fact that this great exponent of Shakespeare on the American stage is not by birth American. She was born in Cumberlandshire, England. Both her father and mother came of farmer stock. They lived in the small village of Caldbeck. There was no theatre within miles, there was nothing of theatrical tradition in the family. Julia Marlowe is as much a divergent as was John Keats, when surveyed in the light of heredity and background. Moreover, her name was not Marlowe, it was Sarah Frances Frost.

When she was about six years of age, Sarah came to America with her mother, two sisters and a brother, the father having preceded—we shall not say his family, rather, his appendages, for it was as appendages, one soon becomes convinced, that John Frost so regarded them. They settled in Kansas. But Mr. Frost was of a roving disposition—so much so that he soon "roved" out of their lives, and Julia's mother shortly afterward obtained a divorce. Subsequently she married a second husband, whose name was Hess. Being under the delusion he had injured a neighbor in England, Julia's own father had changed his name to Brough; and it was as Fanny Brough that she went through the first part of her life. Her youthful years in Kansas were unrelieved with pleasures of any sort; she worked at various tasks. She was scarcely more than a drudge at times.

Yet if Julia Marlowe's early days were outwardly a period of drudgery and privation, they held for the small girl great joys—she read voluminously, and no one paid the slightest heed to what she was reading. Her instinct was for poetry, and in Wordsworth, the poet of her own Cumberland hills, and in Shakespeare, she discovered guides who led her into fairy lands. At the age of 11 she went on the stage—if a beginning so ludicrously trivial may be so designated.

In 1876 the Brough household had been living in Cincinnati for three years. John Frost had departed and Mr. Hess not arrived. Mrs. Brough kept a small hotel. Fanny was in the seventh grade at school. And there was a theatrical manager, one Colonel Robert E. J. Miles, who conceived the idea of putting on the road "Pinafore" to be played by juveniles. Fanny, of her own initiative, secured the part of Sir Joseph Porter at $7 per week. The little show played two seasons, but, more important than the length of the "run," the sister-in-law of Colonel Miles, Miss Ada Dow, had taken on herself the virtual guardianship of the youthful Sir Joseph. In 1883 the Colonel starred in Cincinnati Miss Josephine Rilly in a production of "Romeo and Juliet." Miss Dow was of the supporting cast and Julia Marlowe (she was still Miss Brough) was given a part. The manager had had too much experience to bank solely on one play; his company had a repertoire of four pieces, and in a very short time the girl from the Cumberlands, now 18 years old, had played as many parts. The following year the tour came to an end, but Miss Dow had seen the genius of her friend; she proposed to come to New York, train Sarah Frances and place her on the real stage—all this without recompense, and when she launched her protégée in 1887, the world heard only of a young actress named Julia Marlowe—there was no more Fanny Brough.

It was Miles—the same Colonel Miles of Cincinnati, who put Julia Marlowe before the New York public. He had come East and was one of the managers of the Bijou Opera House, so called. His sister-in-law, Miss Dow, had told him that Miss Marlowe was ready to make her début, and he was willing to back her so far as his limited means allowed. It was decided that her vehicle should be "Ingomar." A company was assembled and the piece sent out for a two weeks' tour before the Broadway opening. William Beach was leading man. The city selected for the try-out was New London, where her playing was declared a "hit" by the local dramatic critic. "Ingomar" finally arrived at New York, where it was billed at the Bijou for a single matinee performance.

Probably not in the history of the American stage has there been a duplication of the extraordinary reception given that afternoon to Julia Marlowe. Beach did not have a chance to say his lines at the end of the first act, when Ingomar repeats after Parthenia that terrible couplet,

Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.

The house had risen in wild acclaim of Miss Marlowe (how could any one applaud such lines?) and the young actress's future was assured. Tradition has it that nine managers sought to secure her signature to a contract after the close. But whether this be true or not, Mr. Dithmar, then critic of THE NEW YORK TIMES, began his next morning's dramatic review with the words, "Julia Marlowe: remember her name, for you will hear of her again," and closed by saying: "Of her permanent success there can be no doubt." Nevertheless, it does not seem in the least like a theatrical beginning—it sounds much more like the début of a race horse kept under wraps by a vigilant trainer and then sent out to win the Derby!

What was the secret of Miss Marlowe's tremendous success? As we have said, Mr. Russell's book is a study of this actress's qualities even more than it is a biography, and to this point he devotes more than a little attention. Except for the tutoring of Miss Dow, with the assistance of Mr Parsons Price, a New York teacher in vocal music who literally "built" Miss Marlowe's voice, developing a middle register, which she almost entirely lacked, the young star had received little or no instruction. During her three years in New York she scarcely ever went to the theatre. Whence, then, her power? Was Julia Marlowe an actress born? Or was she an actress made? The evidence heaped up by her biographer inclines one to the latter theory. Miss Marlowe not merely studied her part so as to arrive at a true conception of what it was she desired to portray—she studied her expression of that conception as it was to be rendered through the author's words. Clearly, of course, every actor does this; but Miss Marlowe succeeded more quickly than most and more completely than most. Her perceptions of the true expression seem ever to have been of the finest, and she would be swerved by no one. The many pages in Mr. Russell's book in which he compares Miss Marlowe's rendition of a line with the generally accepted rendition will be found no less instructive than interesting.

How Julia Marlowe came under the management of Frohman, her fight with Augustin Daly, her marriage to Taber, her divorce and her subsequent marriage to E. H. Sothern—all these are matters which will be found in the book. They are the least important matters. Frohman managed many stars, many persons fought with Daly, and marriage and divorce are more or less common to mankind. What is important—for it is Miss Marlowe's contribution above all her other contributions—is the history of her unending effort to "put over" Shakespeare. Mr. Russell states that on the authority of calculations made in 1924 Julia Marlowe had then acted in the Shakespearean drama "a greater number of times than any other actress of her own period or of any other, and had drawn to that drama a larger total audience than any other player had ever addressed in it."

How did Julia Marlowe achieve this result? Not by eschewing a financial return, for she made a great deal of money in her venture. And the result should go far to show those who clamor for an "art" theatre, or an endowed national theatre, or any other similar device, the futility of their reasoning. William Shakespeare, from all accounts, died a well-to-do man. Of course the public, a portion of it, perhaps a major portion, will pay to follow what is not art; but it may be set down as axiomatic that if a considerable portion of the public will not pay for art, then it is not art. Milton received but few dollars for "Paradise Lost"; but many thousands of dollars have been paid since for reprints in which to read "Paradise Lost." Julia Marlowe had faith in the proposition that people would pay to see Shakespeare (he could not be presented unless they would pay), but that it depended on the quality of Shakespeare presented. Hence, she devoted her life to giving them the best—not in trappings and scenery, as Irving had done, and not been entirely successful in the doing—but in the sustained beauty and truth of her rendition.

From One of the Illustrations by Charles Ricketts for "Macbeth" in "The Players' Shakespeare." (Ernest Benn, Ltd., London.)

Plato and a New Tale Of Atlantis

PARIS.

DO you know that Plato was the first discoverer of America? I do not say that he actually went there, although he was very widely traveled for his day. He visited Egypt and Sicily, but never got beyond the Mediterranean. Still, although he left the honor of being the first to land in America to Christopher Columbus, he clearly affirmed the existence of the continent almost two thousand years before the famous navigator. It was in his "Timaeus," where he speaks of a time when it was possible to cross the Atlantic Ocean. "Before that passage which you call the Columns of Hercules (today the Straits of Gibraltar), he wrote, "There used to be an island (Atlantis). This island was larger than Libya and Asia combined. And from this island the travelers of that time could go on to other islands, and from these other islands they could reach the entire continent on the opposite shore of the ocean. * * *" The other shore of the Atlantic—the West Indies—the American Continent! This is obvious. In giving it his name Amerigo Vespucci cheated not only the Genoese, but the Athenian also. America should be called Platonia.

In any case, we are quite certain of its existence, and that it existed in the fourth century before Christ. Atlantis, however, no longer exists; and for a long time it seemed doubtful whether there ever had been such a continent. In antiquity, Plato was not only the first, but the only one to mention it, for, according to the findings of M. S. Gsell, the historian of the North of Africa, all those who spoke of it after Plato were simply referring back to him. Many believed that the whole thing was a figment of his imagination and that therefore it was to be considered merely as one of the myths in which the great philosopher-poet delighted—such as the myth of the cavern in the "Republic," or the one of the winged team in his "Phaedra." M. Albert Rivaud, who has put out the most recent critical edition of the "Timaeus" and the "Critias," with a French translation, notes and comments (Collection Budé), also believes that Plato's Atlantis seems to be a myth pure and simple. But the intuitive knowledge of men of genius is astounding.

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THE latest results of scientific research work indicate that this mythical Atlantis actually and unquestionably existed. This is the conclusion reached by a French geologist, M. P. Termier, who even acknowledges the exactness of the location indicated by Plato. At a relatively recent time, toward the end of the quarternary age, an enormous expanse, consisting of a continent or of large islands, was submerged to the west of the Strait of Gibraltar. Plato also remarked that Atlantis had been destroyed in a world-upheaval, thus again agreeing with the most modern geologists. He differs with them on only one point: According to him the catastrophe was a chastisement of the gods. Our present-day scientists take no stand on this matter.

But they have established that today there are deep longitudinal furrows, the visible traces of the cataclysm in question, adjoining both the Eastern and Western Shores of the Atlantic Ocean. In the four archipelagoes that represent the last vestiges of the vanished continent (the Azores, the Canary Islands, Madeira, and the Cape Verde Islands), they find a fauna of continental origin, similar to that of the West Indies and of the Senegalese coast. They even admit that the actual composition of the soil of these archipelagoes also corresponds to the geologic description of Atlantic in the "Critias." Furthermore, archaeologists have discovered traces of Atlantean civilization, which Plato depicts as having been phenomenally magnificent, in the splendid ruins in Mexico and as far down as Bolivia, where those of the city of Tiahuaco, at an altitude of two and a half miles, were explored in 1848 by one of the heroes of the Argentine Republic, General Batholomé Mitré, who described them in a remarkable book.

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ALL this happened in very ancient times; as the poet says, it was at least ten thousand years ago! This distance of time, combined with the lack of historic documents, is not a circumstance to discourage the novelists, who, here, have abundant space for free invention. They would write their stories just as well even if it had been proved that Atlantis unquestionably was only a legend. M. Pierre Benoit, in "Antinéa," has already evoked the pretended remains of Atlantis, which he located in Central Africa.

In "La fin d'Atlantis, ou le grand soir" (The End of Atlantis; or, the Great Twilight), M. Jean Carrère is more in conformity with the statements of Plato and modern science. His Atlantis, immense capital of the powerful empire, lies in the ocean, and is surrounded by numerous islands. Like Scott Elliot and Lake Harris, he attributes to the Atlanteans familiarity with scientific marvels which we have considered the prerogative of our age. For example, aerial navigation, electricity, explosives, and the like. To this he adds Greek fire and foci or mirrors and lenses which, it seems, enabled Archimedes to set fire to a distant fleet.

According to M. Jean Carrère it was their vices that brought on the doom of the Atlanteans. Drunk with power and wealth, the citizens no longer were willing to fight, or work, or pay taxes, but relegated these various duties to hired police. Besides, they were a prey to demagogues and civil discord. A self-styled Popular Party, led by Guitché, the gold king, and his wife Melena, who is in alliance with the blacks, conspires against the regular oligarchic government that the old sage Oréus is unable to save. On the contrary, it is by dropping bombs from his airship on the ship of the negro revolutionary, Timou, that the prince of the empire, ignorant of the ravages that may be produced by this sort of dynamite, induces the waterspouts, the earthquakes, the volcanic convulsions that destroy the city, the great islands, and all the Atlantic population, except for a hundred or so of fugitives. A proper end, says Jean Carrère, for a corrupt empire. Be that as it may, this novel, which reminded me of H. G. Wells, is very unusual and intensely interesting.

PAUL SOUDAY.

Ideal Restoration of An Ancient Greek Garden in Athens.

From "Landscape Art, Past and Present," by Harriet Hammond McCormick. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Albert Trentini, A Philosophic Poet

***DIE FLUCHT INS DUNKLE; EIN LIED VON DER WELT** (The Flight Into the Dark; a Song of the World. By Albert Trentini. Munich: Georg Callwey.*

***DEUTSCHE BRAUT** (The German Bride). A novel by Albert Trentini. Munich: Georg Callwey.*

BERLIN.

THE latest two books of Albert Trentini again bear witness to the mighty scope of his creative power.

"Flight Into the Dark" is a significant, profoundly thoughtful work in verse. With amazing artistry the author succeeds in presenting the deepest philosophic problems in verses of a vigorous and virile type. Yet "Flight Into the Dark" is no light reading. To understand the poet's symbolism one must be more or less familiar with the questions of the day. Every line is pregnant with criticism of the spiritual condition in which modern man is content to remain. Trentini does not fear the use of rude comparisons or grotesque images to infuse the blood of life into his symbols. Again, the verses resound with hymn-like beauty, chiming forth their music, glowing with eternal fires.

Briefly, the poem is composed as follows: A man who has imbibed all the wisdom of this world becomes disgusted with the merciless light thrown by science on the most remote and mysterious crevices of nature and the human soul. In despair, the fugitive hastens to the darkness of mountain and forest, to be healed on the bosom of divine night. But night does not cover him with her mantle unconditionally. He must overcome the horror of loneliness, where, for the first time, he discovers himself; for the first time he sees his entire being, with all its weakness and inadequacy. Wailing, challenging, an uncanny swarm of spirits, the phantoms of our time, floats past him. More plastic is the appearance of an old man who, the son of honest parents, has been made into a burglar and murderer by his unsuspected, but sinister inner feelings. Only one spot of his heart has remained undefiled—his love for his innocent little granddaughter flourishes there.

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THEN, however, he suspects her of having stolen an amulet from him. The idea that his tainted criminal blood might have been inherited by the angelic child brings him to repentance and despair, and presents the opportunity for the salvation of his soul. Before this may be consummated, however, he must suffer a horrible death. All parts of his worn-out body are taken up by nature for new transformations. Quite free, his soul may now soar on high, there to undergo indescribable transmutation.

In vain had the fugitive begged the night to show him God. Although it knows Him, it may not mention His name. It remains for his meeting with the old man to bring him on the road to God. In a deep, enchanted sleep he learns in mystic fashion the coherence and inter-relationships of all things. God permits the waves to roll and the mountains to collapse amid thunder without interfering; yet He helps the soul of the tiniest flower that turns to Him, pleading for His aid.

On waking the fugitive is entirely changed. He sees that everything in the world is permeated by the divine will; and now God points to a loving deed. Gently he consoles and cares for the criminal's little granddaughter. The poem closes with a marvelous ode to the life-giving power of love.

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SIMULTANEOUSLY with its publication of this powerfully written and profound book for the ridiculously low price of one Reichsmark (in its Kunstwart library), the Callwey house has put out the novel "The German Bride," in which Trentini deals with the problem of a union between members of different races. A theme that today is receiving much and various treatment in Germany—quite naturally, since so many Germans have been torn away from their Fatherland and given over to strange masters, Albert Trentini avoids all political sallies, although, as a high government official in his former Southern Tyrolese home, he must have felt very much tempted to make them. The conflict between the German girl and her Italian fiancé finds purely psychic expression in hard-fought battles between ardent love and a dreadful sense of strangeness. This is surrounded by a colorful and gripping plot. The German family and its friends, splendid originals, are drawn with sincerity and roguish humor—this divine mixture of external poverty and inner wealth in love, in ap-

(Continued on Page 17)

Some New Books on The Middle Ages

LONDON.

AT last some one has put in a good word for the modern historian. It is "not quite fair," says The Scotsman, to dismiss him as a dull person. This journal reminds us that Maitland, though occupied in a highly specialised field, was artist as well as scientific inquirer and that the American historian, Professor E. P. Cheyney, has written in his latest volume on Elizabeth's reign some pages "worthy of comparison with those of the literary historians in spite of the fact that they are based on original sources and conceived in a critical spirit." Just now it seems to be the Middle Ages that are attracting most attention—partly, it may be, owing to the Franciscan celebrations in the Fall—and surely if a man cannot write in interesting fashion about this period he ought to lay down his pen.

The outstanding recent addition to the literature of this subject is, of course, the new volume of "The Cambridge Medieval History," dealing with the struggle between the Empire and Papacy. The Cambridge University Press also gave us, a few months ago, Dr. G. G. Coulton's "Medieval Village," Dr. J. M. Clark's "Abbey of St. Gall" and R. H. Snape's "English Monastic Finances in the Later Middle Ages." The last-mentioned volume has a wider scope than one might infer from its title, for it not only surveys the organization of monastic households from the point of view of business management, but discusses several fundamental questions concerning the decline of monasticism in the later Middle Ages.

Recently from the same press have now come two other important publications. Dr. G. R. Owst's "Preaching in Medieval England," based on research among sermon manuscripts from 1350 to 1450, is the first attempt to utilize such material for historical purposes. "The House of the Monk," by Dr. D. H. S. Cranage, is more directly aimed at the general reader. It lays emphasis on the cloister as the centre of the daily life of the monastery.

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THE press of the sister university offers nothing parallel to the series of "Cambridge Studies in Medieval Life and Thought," but it is publishing in September a textbook by L. F. Salzman on "English Life in the Middle Ages." One of the most attractive features of this volume will be its pictures. They will form, it is believed, as fine a collection of graphic commentaries on medieval English life as has ever been brought together. Other publishers have given, or are about to give us, "Travel and Travelers of the Middle Ages," a composite volume edited by Professor A. P. Newton and dealing with Oriental as well as European journeys; Father Bede Jarrett's "Social Thought in the Middle Ages," a contribution to H. J. Laski's Library; "The Coming of the Friars Minor to England and Germany," consisting of a translation of contemporary chronicles; a study of the time-markers of medieval churches under the title of "Sundials, Incised Dials or Mass-Clocks"; "The Secret Tradition in Alchemy," by A. E. Waite, the well-known writer on occult topics, and "The Black Death: A Chronicle of the Plague from 1348 to 1720," a translation of a compilation by Dr. Johannes Nohl from contemporary sources.

Among biographies relating to the medieval period one must note especially the second and final volume of Canon Tatham's monumental "Francesco Petrarca," continuing his exposition of the thesis that Petrarch was "the first modern man of letters."

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THE editor of The Publishers' Circular says that, as a boy, he learned more about the Americans and got a better idea of them from the novels of Fenimore Cooper than from all the school histories. . . . The Curwen Press is about to issue what is said to be the first illustrated edition of the Psalms. It will contain thirty full-page drawings by Baroness de Lynden, better known as Florence Hubbard. . . . A book on R. L. S. has been written by Adelaide Boodle, who, as a child, was an intimate friend of the family at Skerryvore. There is also to be published in the Fall a diary kept by "Cummy," Stevenson's nurse. . . . The title of the Scots Observer, W. E. Henley's famous weekly, is to be revived for a new organ of the Scottish churches. . . . The University of Wales has conferred its honorary Litt. D. on William Henry Davies, the tramp poet. . . . What city had Principal Jacks in mind in writing "The Heroes of Smokeover"? Birmingham readers identify Smokeover with Manchester, while Manchester people say it is certainly Birmingham. . . . A second series of the late Baron von Hügel's "Essays and Addresses" is nearly ready. . . . Professor Philip Noel Baker has written a volume on "The League of Nations at Work." . . . Gerald Bullett, the novelist and critic, is associated with a new firm of publishers which has taken the name of Gerald Howe. . . . Nineteen novel readers out of twenty, says "Mark Over," in The Outlook, never glance at any literary criticism or reviews.

HERBERT W. HORWILL.

CARLYLE RECEIVES AN EMERSONIAN DEPUTATION

"Yesterday," He Wrote: "There Came a Bevy of Americans From Emerson, One Margaret Fuller, a Strange, Lilting, Lean Old Maid, Not Nearly Such a Bore as I Expected."

"Listen Moon!" and Other New Works of Fiction

LISTEN MOON! *By Leonard Kline. 312 pp. New York: The Viking Press. $2.*

UNTIL one is about a third through "Listen Moon!" there is no hint that what the reader has been invited to is not a feast of oddity and harum-scarum adventure, pure and simple. The professor in search of his mislaid youth is not a very original figure. Mr. Harry Leon Wilson, with his "Professor, How Could You?" did pretty well by him two years ago. His lightness and dryness, his innocent eagerness to play with the boys and girls, the contrast of his dusty wisdom with common sense, his trick of interlarding his observations partridge-wise with latin tags, are nobody's discovery in particular. But they are not so stereotyped that abundance of fun is not still to be extracted from them.

Professor Higbee Chaffinch of Johns Hopkins University, or thereabout, runs true to type. Deft a widower at 64, with only the memory of a grim and masterful wife and a treatise on the Absolute Absolute for company in his arid and lonely house, the professor at last and none too soon has time to speculate upon the folly of wisdom carried into middle age. Into his bereavement, little by little, a queer sense of exhilaration insists upon creeping. All sorts of queer things and queer people are attracted by the vacuum his life has suddenly become. One is Ruth Pudley, the hoyden daughter of the Rev. Cyril Pudley, pastor and "censor morum" of Walbrook. Another is Hiltonshurley Moggs, founder of the Moggs Foundation for the Purveying of Useless Things to Worthy People. In answer to an advertisement for a housekeeper arrives Amy Potter, a lively and illiterate widow as full of sap and snap as the Wife of Bath. One Kendrick, a young newspaper man with a pirate complex and hot on the scent of a big feature story, does his utmost for his own reasons to bring the capers of the strangely assorted companions to a focus of absurdity that will provide sensational copy.

To charter the schooner Mary Read with a chestful of wigs and sashes, cutlasses and pistols, to board her after a running fight with the hooded knights of the Klan, in which the professor acquits himself doughtily, to sail out into the reaches of Chesapeake Bay with the grim Pudley as hostage, robbing henroops and breaking village jails on the littoral for lack of sterner business, is a fictional enterprise calling for a wholehearted acceptance of the picaresque and a vacation from the portentous seriousness that beclouds the work of our "young expressers." Unfortunately it is just here that the Leonard Kline of "Godhead" lets us down. Obsessions that have nothing whatever to do with adventure begin to make their unwelcome and too familiar appearance — "inhibitions," "deepest impulses," "prothalamia," "passionate fecundating rains," "parturient moons," Aphrodisiac odors," the Golden Ass of Apuleius and Don Juan Tenorio. "Listen Moon!" bears upon its cover the warmest of commendations by M. Elie Faure, and, as though to repay the Frenchman for his kind words, there are passages in "Listen Moon!" that do their best to reproduce the phallic rant of the author of "Napoleon" and "The Dance Over Fire and Water."

One thing of good augury for Mr. Kline's eventual career as novelist is his openly expressed admiration for Robert Louis Stevenson, a reputation which receives tepid praise in these perfervid days. For, if there be one thing more than another that secures the author of "Treasure Island" and "Kidnapped" in our esteem and makes a return to his wizardry a refreshment, it is the fact that, whatever private wild oats stood to the Scotch master's credit, he had the manliness and good manners, when philosophizing came his way, to pick something better on which to philosophize.

IN A SYRIAN VILLAGE

THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS. *By Marmaduke Pickthall. 305 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.*

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL, as those who have read the tale of "Said the Fisherman" are aware, brings to his novels an understanding of the Oriental mind which gives point to E. M. Forster's remarks that he is "the only contemporary English novelist who understands the Nearer East." This, the second of his novels to be published by the house of Knopf, though it differs from "Said" in most other respects, shares that gift of understanding. Here is Mr. Pickthall in lighter mood, pitching a story with manifold implications in a key of comedy; dressing up the inescapable truth of the psychological and temperamental differences between East and West in the light colors of a tale meant, above all, to be enjoyable and amusing. But its elements of humor and farce, its winsome floridities and fidurishes of temperament and imagination, do not weaken its underlying truths. To quote again from E. M. Forster, in thorough agreement with him, "The Valley of the Kings" is written jokingly, but it is profound, and it will serve as a Pocket Bible as far South as India.

Mr. Pickthall has hatched a delicious little plot for "The Valley of the Kings," setting it, without too much colorful emphasis, in a Syrian village which swarms, in season, with European tourists, but which out of season—when the reader sees it—contains no English people but the pompous, self-righteous missionaries. Iskender, the Syrian hero of the book, had long been a favorite with them, but just prior to the opening of the story had fallen from favor and been superseded by another native youth. The young Iskender was finding himself out of luck on every side when, fortunately, he found an English tourist, traveling in Syria out of season, before the hawk-eyed dragomen were aware of his presence. As soon as they became aware, they began using subtle tactics to oust Iskender and gain the Emir's patronage for themselves. For a time the young Emir smiled and frowned on the obsequious Iskender by turns until, seeing his foothold gradually weakening, the Syrian conceived a marvelous idea to preserve the Englishman's favor and share, in however menial a capacity, his companionship. He described a valley full of gold lying some days' journey across the desert, excites the Englishman's interests, and finally—after subtly disposing of another Syrian leech named Elias—sets out with him on this wildest and most comic of expeditions.

They come back empty-handed, of course, with the Englishman disgruntled and sick to boot. Iskender is out of favor—the Englishman never wants to see his face again. But the woe of Syrian youths, though poignant and intense while it lasts, is not long lasting, and Iskender soon interests himself in a young girl whom, with the passing of years, he marries.

"The Valley of the Kings" is not a comedy of manners, contrast between East and West though it be, so much as it is a comedy of temperaments. The plums in Mr. Pickthall's lightly beaten-up pudding are, without any question, his characterizations. Iskender, foolish, emotional and rather unscrupulous, is for all that a delightful person, brimming over with an excess of imagination, affection and warmth. His serio-comic plights, which he regards for the moment as such appalling tragedies, induce in the reader a mixture of pity and laughter. His pronunciation of English has real charm; it marks Mr. Pickthall as one of those rare writers who can make a brogue not a nuisance but a pleasure.

What holds true for Iskender holds true to a lesser degree for the other natives in the book, all of whose temperaments are at once enjoyable and convincing. It is the obliquely-painted portrait of the young Englishman, however, which calls for a final word or two. Always seen through Iskender's eyes, a typical Englishman with all the English impulses and repressions and a characteristically English attitude toward "natives," he comes into this book as a fine contrast, so clearly counterpoised against a differing type of humanity that without having to interrupt his narrative for the space of a second, Mr. Pickthall can portray the gap between East and West as decisively, if not so seriously, as Forster portrays it in "A Passage to India."

MISS WYLIE'S TALES

THE MAD BUSMAN. *By I. A. R. Wylie. 321 pp. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $2.*

THE eight long short stories of "The Mad Busman" leave much the same sense of an incomplete satisfaction as Miss Wylie's recent novel, "Black Harvest." In each instance a genuine narrative gift is marred, in the course of expression, by a tendency toward overemphasis and a pronounced weakness for grandiloquence. These stories of "grand romantic love" triumphing over various obstacles communicate a mixed feeling of delighted recognition of Miss Wylie's shrewdly stated situations and irritation with her facile, rather sugary, resolutions. The victim of T. S. Eliot's acidly satirical "Portrait of a Lady" is made to remark: "But our beginnings never know our ends." In a slightly different sense the phrase might apply to Miss Wylie's extraordinarily famishing abundance.

Although the title story carries echoes of the whimsical slavery of Charles Dickens and the persistently wistful starvelings of Sir James Barrie, it has also a sort of heart-breaking absurdity of Miss Wylie's own. The juxtaposition of the hurried and harassed business man with the twenty gleeful ragamuffins in the last splendid ride of Gwendoline, the motor bus, is perhaps a bit too appropriate, and the timely entrance of the far-away princess to save the occasion perhaps in a straining after the so-called "happy ending." The story does provide a release from routine in a fairly acceptable fashion. Mr. Gudgeon is such a bus driver as it would be a pleasure to know. His own middle age, the condemnation of Gwendoline, his bus, to the scrap heap after one more ride and the gaunt look of the little orphan Elfreda are too much for the orderly, obedient disposition of Mr. Gudgeon. He breaks all traffic and company rules and magnificently ignores his regular route in a wild, exciting ride to that country home from which he had run away as a young man. There he and Elfreda, the hungry child, presumably find peace.

The sequence of "The Mad Busman" happens of its own weight and the somewhat factitious ending is forgiven. The remaining seven stories fall below its standard. "Second Vision" aims at a conflict between a material and a spiritual vision of life. It is embodied in a struggle for a singularly beautiful woman between a poetic young man who collects old glass and has no money and a powerful, successful financier and industrial magnate. She marries the Napoleon of money for love. Her husband and her disappointed lover strike a bargain; the desired effect is her happiness, and if her husband fails in this he agrees to surrender her to the other man. An accident costs the lovely lady her sight and all the world of beauty which has meant so much to her. The husband appeals to the lover to resume his talks and his readings of Swinburne. He fails to realize on his opportunity, however, and the husband learns to see old ruins and tell her of them. That makes her happy. She is easy to please.

"Greatness and Jamey Pohjoy" revolves about the theory that life is something grand and noble and art is a species of trickery. Jamey, the Cockney, invades Hollywood and succeeds in inducing a movie king to invest in his scenario of a real Wild West. Jamey arouses a squad of drunken, shiftless Indians into something faintly resembling J. J. Rousseau's splendid natural man. The resultant film is so true to life that Jamey throws it away; it is "not decent" to exhibit something so sacred. However, Jamey becomes a great movie director and marries the girl.

"Little Fräulein and the Big World" offers another argument in support of the thesis laid down in "Black Harvest": that tolerance and understanding of the individual entities composing racial and economic and social problems will make for peace. A small, homely girl, daughter of a German father and an English mother, each of proud and stiff-necked families, is hated and rejected by both. On the death of her mother her English grandfather ungraciously sends for the poor orphan. On the train she hears a Frenchman rehearsing a speech to his constituency, or to a British Cabinet Minister, in which the Germans are referred to as "rats." This so dismays the child that on the Channel boat she attempts suicide. The Frenchman, of course, rescues her, hears her story, tells her grandfather a few plain truths and everything is serene.

The remaining examples present similar irrelevancies to confound and provoke the trusting reader. Miss Wylie is certain that "love conquers all" and "life is what you make of it," and her dearest wish, apparently, would be to see an amiably fatuous world lifting itself by its banal bootstraps.

SOUTH SEA TREASURE

BLACK PEARLS. *By R. W. Alexander. 292 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.*

THE virgin island of Rafi Vanu, one of the Solomon group in the South Seas, is the appropriate back-drop for this swiftly moving adventure story of crime, conflict and the children of Circe. Any one element of this trinity is sufficiently dynamic to release the springs of drama in the humdrum setting of contemporary life, but in "Black Pearls" these classic levers of human destruction are supplemented by continuous bloodshed, pursuit and capture, and a quest for treasure. The result is an astounding tale which we have seldom seen surpassed on the motion-picture screen and never duplicated between the covers of a book.

While still an infant less than a week old, Iris Merrion, the heroine of this story, is set adrift in an open boat far out at sea by her desperate father, Dick Merrion. Before Merrion shoots himself, he writes a note on the seat of the dinghy to explain his daughter's parentage and the cause of her plight. With the child he leaves a box containing a fortune in black pearls.

A "blackbird" schooner on its way to the Queensland plantations picks up the drifting dinghy. The villainous captain of the schooner yields to the entreaties of his dubious wife, Mary Collins, and gives the infant Iris into her keeping. But the greedy eyes of Jack Smith, Captain Collins's

(Continued on Page 16)

Medieval Babblings of "The Good Old Days"

Vespasiano da Bisticci, Florentine Bookseller, and His Chronicle of Small Beer

THE VESPASIANO MEMOIRS: Lives of Illustrious Men of the Fifteenth Century. By Vespasiano da Bisticci, bookseller. Now first translated into English by William George and Emily Waters. London: George Routledge & Sons. 21s net.

By J. ST. LOE STRACHEY

HERE is a book which will be welcome to all true lovers of good literature, and especially of biographical works.

The translators, Mr. and Mrs. Waters, have done their part admirably, and so have the publishers, Messrs. Routledge & Sons. For their enterprise they deserve the gratitude of the reading public in England and in America.

But, though the discerning will like "The Vespasiano Memoirs" and the wonderful picture it gives us incidentally of the garrulous old bookseller, Vespasiano da Bisticci, who wrote them, I am bound to confess that those who have not the true book instinct will turn up their noses and say that the book is medieval twaddle, not worth translating or publishing. Those who take that line will, superficially, have a good deal to say in defense of their position. If they assert that the learned bookseller in question has no great distinction of style or mind, no sense of proportion and will maunder on as long about some old Florentine chum or customer as he will about a Pope or Emperor, I shall not be able to give a direct denial. Unquestionably a quick-lunch study of the book makes the excellent Vespasiano appear a prize bore. Dogberry said of himself with fatuous self-complacency, "I can be as tedious as a King." So, too, Vespasiano. His is essentially a chronicle of medieval small beer. His anecdotes often appear quite pointless, and his mind is habitually set on little matters and trifling occurrences. These he elaborates and quite forgets to deal with the mighty happenings of the world. He babbles of old books, old times, the old heroes of his boyhood and old trifles with irrelevant loquacity. He knows not where to begin or where to stop. Yet, in spite of all this, he creates with amazing success the atmosphere of the end of the Middle Ages—that gray time before the dawn of the Renaissance, which, when one has made up one's mind not to be bored, is most engaging.

One is often tempted, as one reads Vespasiano, to put, "Oh, hush! hush!" in brackets in the middle of his stories, as did Carlyle when quoting from what he calls in his "Cromwell," "human inanities without even an index." But, in spite of that, one reads on, and in the end finds that the Italian's book is a real contribution to literature and history. No one who wants to envisage the most attractive portion of the fifteenth century can possibly afford to neglect it. The excellently produced and admirably selected pictures, many of them well known to lovers of Italian art, get a fresh significance and interest from the chattering little biographies to which they are attached and from "the foolish face of praise" with which he sets down anecdotes of "Kings and Cardinals I have known." Let me put forth a quotation to implement my contention—a quotation chosen, not because of its brilliancy, but for its garrulous ineptitude. Here is an account under the heading of "Archbishops and Bishops" in regard to Saint Bernardino:

> After much communing he decided to enter the Order of St. Francis and began at once to perfect himself in the spiritual life and took the cowl. He saw that the life of the preaching friar was the greatest help to salvation, and this he adopted, and after practice in the same he became a marvelous preacher on account of his voice, his methods, his detestation of vice and his exhortations to virtue. In no other man was there to be found such a wonderful concourse of talents; it would appear that these gifts did not all come by the way of nature, but that Almighty God had specially conferred them. He was skilled in everything, but more particularly in preaching, by which he spread light through the whole world, which was at this time blinded and darkened, especially Italy, where all rules of righteous life had been abandoned and where men no longer recognised God.

The biography of the preacher maunders on, irradiated every now and then by an anecdote, and often an anecdote which no doubt was of real brilliance when it started, but somehow got tamed by the narrator. For example:

> One morning he had been preaching in the Cathedral of Florence concerning contracts, restitution, the bank and girls' dowries. That same evening, as was his habit, he went to his stationer's shop, where he met Giannozzi Manetti, who addressed him, "You have sent us all to damnation." He replied, "I have damned no one. Damnation comes from man's sin and wickedness." Manetti then began to discuss contracts for dowries where the capital is fixed, but St. Bernardino proved by clear reasoning that these contracts were illicit and that contracts for dowries where the capital is fixed were worse than contracts made by a Jew on red parchment.
>
> Depend upon it, here is a very good anecdote spoiled in the telling. All the same, the Hebraic red parchment contract is a phrase full of flavor.

But it must not be supposed that all the twaddle is as twaddly as this. Every now and then we get the good bookseller in a distinctly better vein. For example, he gives a wonderful account of the magnificent vestments worn when the Pope Eugenius IV entertained the visiting "Emperor of the Greeks" in the Church of Santa Maria del Fiore—the Cathedral of Florence.

> Opposite to the Pope's seat, on the other side, was a chair covered with a silken cloth on which sat the Emperor, clad in a rich robe of damask brocade and a cap in the Greek fashion, on the top of which was a magnificent jewel. He was a very handsome man with a beard of the Greek cut. Round about his chair were posted the many gentlemen of his retinue, clad in the richest silken robes made in Greek fashion; their attire being most stately, as was that of the prelates and of the laymen also.

From clothes the anecdotal bookseller wanders off into an enticingly quaint story of the Pope's casual habits in regard to money. He (the Pope), we are told, "never kept store of money in his house; as he got it, he spent it quickly." One day "some one" brought him 4,000 or 5,000 florins. The Pope bade a certain chamber attendant, Bartolomeo Rovarella, put the money aside. "Being busy at the time Rovarello put the money under the mattress of the Pope's bed, where it remained several days." Soon after this receipt of good gold another man came and asked the Pope for financial assistance. The Pope remembered the bag of money brought by "some one" and asked for it. Bartolomeo, knowing that the Pope would give it all to the newcomer, tried to avoid producing it; but the Pope insisted, and out it came from under the mattress. The Pope "reproached him" that he had concealed this thing in the bed as if it were something of great value, and bade him for the future make no more such mistakes, "by way of showing him that too much store should not be set on money." What the Pope said to the papal housemaid or valet de chambre for not having noticed it when she or he made the bed is not recorded!

In the life of the same Pope we find another amusing passage of domestic interest. "He slept in a shirt of coarse serge and made a rule that two attendants should always watch in his chamber, changing duty every three hours." Whenever he woke he could find quite close to his bed a selection of books. All he had to do was to call to his watchers to bring him a pillow, a volume and two lighted candles. He would then read for an hour or two, according to his fancy. When he had had enough literature he summoned the attendants again to take away the book and the lights. And then comes the irrelative but significant comment, "He had such dignity of presence that those who had to do with him were often reluctant to address him." The biography ends with a futile, and yet rather touching, account of the Pope's death. His last words, addressed to himself, were:

> O Gabriello (for this was his name) how much better it would have been for the health of thy soul if thou hadst never been Pope nor Cardinal, but hadst died a friar! Wretched are we all that we only know ourselves when we are come to our end.

I wish very much I had time to notice some of the short biographies of writers at the end of the book, for here Vespasiano writes not only about his personal acquaintances, but his equals and his cronies. In this portion of the work he also deals with a certain number of women. They are rather "preachy" performances, as might have been expected from the old pedant; but occasionally there are touches of realism. For example, we hear of Alessandra de' Bardi that "she was so tall that she rarely wore street shoes." His ideals for ladies are almost exactly those noted by Lady Mary Wortly-Montague, when she put Lord Lyttleton's advice to a daughter into a couplet:

Be chaste in dress and frugal in your diet.
In fact, my dearie, kiss me and be quiet.

Before I leave this book and its mountain of fascinating small talk I must say something about the illustrations. So great is the wealth of Florentine portraiture in pictures and statues that a great many of the men, even of humble estate, can be depicted for us in their habit as they lived. For example, a most wonderful bust of a certain Matteo Palmieri, a middle-class scholar and writer, is here reproduced. He is exactly the type of middle-aged, middle-class Italian that one may see any day in an Italian city. Another wonderful piece of sculpture is the full length statue of Poggio Bracciolini, also a great scholar. Incidentally I may note that he was sent by Pope Martin with letters to England in 1420. He did not like our habits and thought we ate and drank too much. But, like the foreigner today, he was struck by the wealth of the country. He shrewdly observes of us:

> The nobles of England deem it disgraceful to reside in cities and prefer to live in country retirement. They reckon a man's nobility by the size of his landed estate. They spend their time over agriculture and traffic in wool and sheep, not deeming it derogatory to trade in the produce of their land. I have known a rich merchant, who had retired from business, invested his money in land and retired into the country to become the founder of a noble race, and I have een him admitted into the society of the most illustrious families."

Evidently Poggio Bracciolini was a good observer.

Notable illustrations are those showing the monuments of various Cardinals and Princes, for example the tomb of Nicolas V, in which are two delightful little creatures of the kind which Miss Ruth Draper's tourist calls "puttys." But I must stop, or my readers will say that I have caught Vespasiano's habit of irrelevant prosing. Therefore I will leave our good author, who, by the way, is admirably classified in the introduction as an Italian John Aubrey, without further comment.

It only remains to be said that, Vespasiano kept a bookshop in Florence which was much frequented by all sorts and conditions of men, and that he was a notable buyer of books for "foreign noblemen and gentlemen," and especially Englishmen. His Britannic customers, indeed, seem to have bought books from him by the shipload. Tiptoft (Duca di Worcestri) was a great patron. It was of Tiptoft that Fuller used the noble phrase when recording his execution, "Then did the axe at one blow cut off more learning in England than was left in the heads of all the surviving nobility."

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Scene in a Kitchen. Taddeo-Zuccaro (1529-1566).

From "Old Master Drawings," by Henry Scipio Reitlinger. (Moffat, Yard & Co.)

Delicate Art of the Miniature Painter

THE ART OF THE MINIATURE PAINTER. By George C. Williamson and Percy Buckman. Illustrated. 284 pp. Universal Art Series, edited by Frederick Marriott. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $8.

THE outcome of extensive knowledge and long practice of the art of miniature painting, this beautiful book offers a wealth of information to the art student and art lover and to the practitioners of limning, as miniature painting was called in its earlier days. The two authors divided their task, Mr. Williamson, who is an authority on miniatures and author of numerous books about them, among these being a four volume catalogue of the Pierpont Morgan collection, dealing more with the historical side of the art, and Mr. Buckman, an English miniaturist of note, devoting himself to its technique. Mr. Williamson's seven chapters condense a comprehensive survey of the origin and history of the art diversified with much interesting comment, critical and expository. He traces the origin of limning back to the days of illuminated manuscripts and of the word miniature to the Latin "minium" red lead, much used in the borders and initial letters of those manuscripts. But "to all intents and purposes," he says, "the art commenced in England with the work of Hans Holbein," in the first half of the sixteenth century. Mr. Williamson being an Englishman and the work being intended for English readers, he confines himself to the development of the art in that country, dealing especially with the characteristics of the early masters of miniature, their technique and the materials they used, and bringing the story down to the best period of the eighteenth century and the use of ivory.

The section for which Mr. Buckman is especially responsible deals only with the technique of the art as it is practiced today, from the standpoint of a successful miniaturist. After a long period of neglect, he says, the miniature is regaining a large measure of its former popularity. There is a final chapter by S. Arthur Lindsay, Vice President of the Royal Society of Miniature Painters, in which he makes a zestful plea for the introduction into miniature work of ultra-modern ideas and methods of painting.

The illustrations, which are beautifully reproduced, number almost a hundred examples of miniatures, some of them in colors, dating from the sixteenth to the twentieth century. Among them are examples of the work of several American miniaturists, including portraits of Presidents Harding and Coolidge by Miss Archambault.

How Moslem and Hindu View Britain's Rule in India

An Indian Mohammedan Praises the British Raj; "The Problem of India" Advocates Dominion Status.

The Imperial Durbar of 1903.

From a Sketch by Milton Prior for "The Illustrated London News."

BRITISH INDIA FROM QUEEN ELIZABETH TO LORD READING. By an Indian Mohammedan. 378 pp. London and New York: Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons. $5.50.

THE PROBLEM OF INDIA. By B. Shiva Rao and D. Graham Pole. New York: The People's Institute Publishing Company. $1.

By CHARLES JOHNSTON

IT is a fair guess that the unnamed author of "British India" is Syed Sirdar Ali Khan, Postmaster General of the great native State of Hyderabad. The worthy Postmaster General already has to his credit a "Life of Lord Morley," a history of Lord Curzon's Administration in India and a book on the Earl of Reading; the style of the present history, with its balanced eighteenth century periods is the same, the sentiments and the sound use of documents are the same, the publishers are the same.

The point of view of all these books is as much English and official as it is Mohammedan, though there are genuine expressions of the Moslem view; the well-founded admiration for the Great Moguls, Baber the conqueror and Akbar the administrator; the stress laid on the loyalty of Mohammedan India to the British rulers during the mutiny of 1857, and the keen distress which the author evidently shared with other Indian Moslems over the severe treatment of the Sultan of Turkey in the treaty of 1919.

If we are right in our surmise, it is natural that in writing of British India the biographer of Lord Curzon and Lord Reading should make each chapter the history of a Governor General, beginning with the great pioneer, Warren Hastings; these biographies are sympathetic and penetrating, and they are based on authentic documents. The author's access to original records proves that he has the confidence of the British authorities both in India and in England. His friendly attitude is the more impressive because he is not a part of the British Government in India but is a functionary of a great semi-independent principality, which is following its own traditions and developing its institutions on indigenous lines. Hyderabad was founded by a rebellious Governor of the Mogul Emperor in the days when Akbar's dominion was falling to pieces.

The history of British India falls into three periods: First, the trading company which began its life with the charter granted by Queen Elizabeth in 1600; second, the epoch of conquest inaugurated a century and a half later by Clive's victory at Plassey in 1757; third, the period of imperial rule following the mutiny in 1857, introducing progressive self-government for India. It is worth remembering that the parallel ence of the English in India and the founding of the American colonies are parts of the same cycle of events, impelled by the same causes. Our Indian Mohammedan gives us the facts for India; it is interesting to supplement them by the parallel events in America.

Both movements grew out of the expansion of English commerce which followed the destruction of the Spanish Armada in 1588. To direct this commerce great joint stock companies were formed in London by English capital and energy; the East India Company was chartered in 1600; the Virginia Company in 1606; the Guiana Company in 1609; the New England Company in 1620, and the Massachusetts Company in 1625. The expansion of English power in India from the original trading forts at Madras, Calcutta and Bombay to imperial dominion was as inevitable as the advance of the same vigorous race from Jamestown and Plymouth to the Golden Gate.

In the early chapters in both Old and New World there was the same rivalry among European nations. In America, the English fought the Spanish, the Dutch and the French; in Asia, their advance was opposed by the Portuguese, the Dutch and the French. Because of these rivalries Robert Clive and George Washington were fellow officers in the same wars, as were Montcalm and Dupleix; the same conflict was waged on the St. Lawrence and the Ganges; the victory of the English decided the fate of two hemispheres in the same year.

It is a commonplace of Indian historians that British rule was almost an accident. The present work on British India begins with the declaration: "It is well known that the English came first to India in search of trade and wealth, and that any idea of conquest was not in their minds." But that idea soon manifested itself; as early as 1687, seventy years before the battle of Plassey, we find the court of the East India Company writing to its agents in India: "It is our object to establish such a policy of civil and military power and to create and secure such a large revenue as may be the foundation of a large well-grounded sure English dominion in India for all time to come." The expansion toward imperial rule was, therefore, not so unpurposed and unconscious as is generally supposed.

Again, the actual transfer of authority from the East India Company to the British Government took place as late as 1858, as a result of the Indian mutiny. But here also there was a long process of development which our Mohammedan historian enables us to trace step by step. The East India Company owed its existence to a royal charter granted in 1600; in this fact was implied the principle of control by the sovereign and Parliament of England. Beginning with the year 1773, the question of the limitation of the charter was debated in the House of Commons, and it was then renewed for a definite period of twenty years. The India act of 1784 created a Board of Control to supervise the acts of the company's directors; the President of the board had a seat in the Cabinet and was assisted by a council of six members, who had special knowledge of Asiatic affairs. From that time forward the control of the British Ministry and Parliament over the company was steadily increased; the Governor General of India was appointed not by the company but by the Prime Minister, and the development of Parliamentary control was steadily increased. Three-quarters of a century later the President of the Board of Control, already a Cabinet Minister, became Secretary of State for India, when the East India Company ceased to exist after the mutiny. There was, therefore, no abrupt break, but a gradual evolution from the trading company to imperial rule.

In exactly the same way the transfer of administrative functions to the natives of India passed through a long series of developments. When the Government of India was transferred to the Crown in 1858 the royal proclamation contained these sentences:

> We feel ourselves bound to the natives of our Indian territories by the same obligations of duty which bind us to all our other subjects. • • • And it is further our will that, so far as may be, our subjects of whatever race or creed be freely and impartially admitted to offices in our service, the duties of which they may be qualified, by their education, ability and integrity, duly to discharge.

This has been called India's charter of emancipation, but the keynote had been struck a quarter of a century earlier; the Parliament act of 1833 contained a clause proclaiming the right of all qualified natives of India to admission to the higher appointments in the services.

The redemption of these pledges, and the efforts of the natives of India to speed up the transfer of power thus promised, make up the history of British India since the final establishment of imperial rule in 1858. The steps by which this devolution of power has taken place are recounted with praiseworthy accuracy and abundant detail in "The Problem of India." While the analogy is not complete the situation may perhaps be made clear by using terms taken from our own political system. India so far as it is directly under British Government is divided into fifteen administrative units or provinces. Nine of these, namely, Madras, Bengal, Bombay, the Punjab, the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh, the Central Provinces, Behar and Orissa, Assam and Burma, may be compared with our States, each having a Governor with an Executive Council and Ministers, and a legislature with a selected majority. The remaining units have an administration somewhat like our Territories of former days, or like Alaska today. Delhi may be compared with the District of Columbia, as the seat of the Central Government, by which it is directly administered.

So far the analogy is necessarily rather loose. Then comes the contrast. Both in the Central Government and in each Provincial Government there is a division of power between the British authority, founded on military conquest, and the natives of India; and at each point there is a certain amount of tension between the two. Nevertheless, the tendency to extend the powers and authority of the native administrators and the elected legislatures is quite definite. The natives of India are at present asking for all the administrative and executive powers enjoyed by the great British Dominions like Canada, Australia and the Union of South Africa; and it seems certain that the trend of development is in that direction. India wishes to be a Dominion within the British Empire; and "The Problem of India" has been written to express that wish.

Lord Olivier, who was Secretary of State for India in Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's Cabinet, sums the matter up in the foreword which he has contributed to this little book: "The demand for Indian National Dominion status is a demand in which native and British India, Hindu and Mohammedan India wholeheartedly combine." This demand is likely to be fulfilled during the coming years, through the normal development of tendencies already in operation.

Lord Riddell Reviews Life From a Club Window

"More Things That Matter" Includes Sketches of Balfour, Reading, Haldane, Curzon and Botha

***MORE THINGS THAT MATTER.** By Lord Riddell. 318 pp. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $2.50.*

By F. FRASER BOND

MUCH of the quality that one associates with sprightly and intelligent conversation permeates Lord Riddell's second and latest volume, "More Things That Matter." His papers for one thing have an informal air. His lordship discusses this and that in print with his reader much in the same breezy manner as if that reader was seated by his side in a deep-cushioned leather chair, watching the world go by the windows of a club in Pall Mall. Like amiable conversation also, these discussions keep to the bright surface. They seldom penetrate very deep into the matter at hand, and accordingly never remotely approach the ponderously informative. Those familiar with Lord Riddell's earlier collection, "Some Things That Matter," will expect just this. They will know that as a working journalist he makes everything grist to his mill. And in the leaders, book reviews and general articles here culled from contributions to "John o' London's Weekly" they won't be surprised at the range and variety of the miscellany. For in this rather fascinating literary grab-bag all manner of strange juxtapositions occur. A classical quotation rubs shoulders with the latest bon mot. An ancient anecdote prepares the way for a deft piece of contemporary reporting, breathing with life.

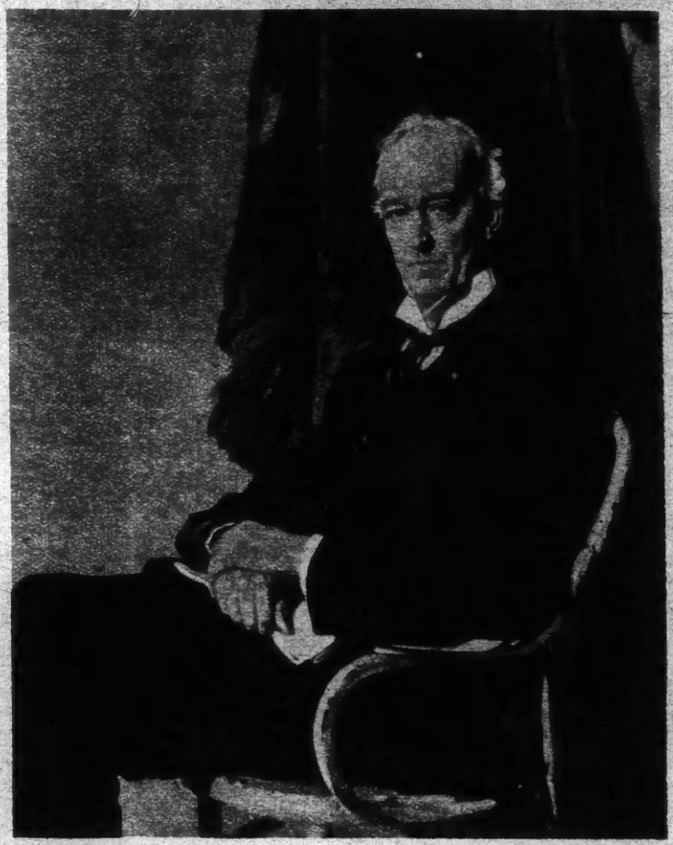
Lord Riddell strikes the conversational note most particularly in those contributions which fall under the head of personal sketches. Balfour, Haldane, Reading, Curzon—the usual all-star cast in present-day British memoirs—pass this club chair reviewing stand. Much that Lord Riddell finds to say of them is frankly gossip. Much of it at that sounds like gossip at second hand. But all bears the hallmark of popular journalism upon it, and therefore succeeds in being interesting. Recent British writers have raised this type of writing to the pinnacle of a fine art. Philip Guedalla, for one, achieves prose pictures that approach the finesse of a master etching. E. T. Raymond, for another, wields a pen that looks mighty like a scalpel. Lord Riddell lacks the sureness of the Guedalla stroke, and also, we can add, the acid that bit out that precision. If he gives us no keen analysis in the Raymond manner he does succeed when it comes to human interest.

Thus we learn that the Marquis Reading, when a young chap, sailed the seas in a tramp steamer, banished from home for romantic proclivities "with his little legacy of love letters next his heart." And also that when he returned to England to begin his dazzling rise to fortune and to fame the girl had married another. Before that rise, apparently, he made several false starts—business, the Stock Exchange—and he was about to try his luck in America. Then, acting on his mother's advice, he took up law. From his traits, as Lord Riddell portrays them, Rufus Isaacs might have made an excellent journalist. For, "Lord Reading's success as an advocate was due to the art of selecting and reiterating the right points."

From the Winston Churchill sketch, on the other hand, we learn little of the man himself beyond the fact that "he is an omnivorous reader with the art of picking out books that matter and the things that matter in books." However, we can sense the Blenheim background in this later Churchill's vision of an English Utopia:

> He visualizes a well-fed, well-housed people with a gallant, intellectual and debonair upper class, presided over by the royal family and a benevolent all-wise Government. He loves the drama and pageantry of life—brave deeds, handsome men, beautiful women and clever people who have done great things.

Lord Haldane's volubility makes him an adept at what Lord Riddell describes as the "oil and feather method" in Parliament. He gently sprays his adversaries for hours at a time with feathers and oil—"feathers in the shape of facts and oil in the shape of compliments and pious aspirations for the success of his scheme." His opponents who enter the House in battle array "stagger out gasping for air." If a band of survivors does manage to voice a protest, Lord Haldane genially turns on the spray again. What a Senator this noble lord would make! When he comes to consider the "superior" George Nathaniel Curzon, Lord Riddell supplies the history of the fatal couplet which tagged its subject from the Isis to the Ganges, from undergraduate



Lord Riddell, After the Painting by Sir William Orpen, R. A.

benches in the hall of Balliol College to the gilded howdah of viceregal splendor. It originated, we learn, as a contribution to a rhyming competition in which the competitors, among them young Curzon himself, caricatured each other. The Curzon skit alone survives. "It leaked out and has been traveling ever since."

A note of affection creeps into Lord Riddell's prose when he writes of General Botha. This outstanding South African statesman possessed a heart that bulked in like proportion with his fame. "Hardships that would have made most men bitter only increased his natural sweetness and benevolence." His great pastime, it seems, was bridge, which he played well. The sketch concludes with an informal close-up of the big Boer Premier on a visit to the trenches in France. The author shows him at an al fresco lunch "struggling with his own private chicken on the top of a barrel." "I shall never forget," Lord Riddell adds, "the beaming smile with which he dispatched two titbits by Mrs. Botha, for the benefit of Mrs. Lloyd George and myself." Jan Smuts, lithe as compared with the ponderous Botha, had a passion for walking. He would wander off on foot, destination unknown, for hours and hours at a time. "On one occasion, when unexpectedly required for urgent business, it became necessary to scour a great part of Buckinghamshire in order to retrieve him."

Among the most interesting of Lord Riddell's articles on general subjects stand out those which deal with the liquor problem. What he has to say here assumes additional value, for he shows himself to be that rarest of rare birds—a writer who can take a detached point of view on liquor. As he remarks, literature on the drink question is proverbially partisan. Writers whether "pro" or "con" have always colored their arguments with personal prejudice and predilection. Lord Riddell's unique position springs from the fact that while, as a teetotaller by personal preference, and thus apparently "on the side of the angels," he has an absolutely unbiased mind as regards the actions of others. As he says, he can be friends with both sides and "attend temperance breakfasts and licensed victuallers' banquets with impartiality." He remains so impartial, in fact, that he refrains from indicating which of these repasts he prefers. But he comes out decidedly against anything that affects the freedom of the individual. Accordingly

> Although a lifelong teetotaller, I do not believe in prohibition or local option, because I am opposed to slavery. Efficiency is precious, but it is not the sole object of existence. Happiness counts for something and happiness depends on reasonable freedom.

American readers may raise their eyebrows in surprise on noting in the article, "Drink: Poison or Panacea?" that Britain raises nearly one-fourth of her total revenue by liquor taxation. The annual income from this source now approximates a billion dollars. And this despite the fact that the production of beer and spirits in the United Kingdom has decreased 50 per cent. since the beginning of the great war in 1914. The trend indicates the growing British attitude of moderation and temperance. The Government's efforts toward this end take the form of increasing taxation, and restrictions reducing the potency of beverages and their hours of sale. Lord Riddell quotes Professor Starling, F. R. S., the physiologist, to the effect that alcohol forms "a part of the comfort devised by civilized man for the promotion of repose and repair after the day's work." But this statement along with its sequel: "Conviviality is more important for the maintenance of our mental stability and effectiveness than we realise," will scarcely have an ingratiating sound for prohibitionists. Certainly prohibition has no protagonist in Professor Starling, whom the article records as saying:

> In a civilised society such as ours, the abolition of all alcoholic beverages from our midst, even if carried out by universal consent, would be a mistake and contrary to the permanent interests of the race. If it were enforced by legislation against the wishes and convictions of a large proportion of the community, I believe it would be little short of a calamity.

But with such liberty-loving and fair-minded citizens as Lord Riddell advocating temperance rather than coercion, Britain need hardly fear a governmental drying up. The term "teetotal," by the way, didn't originate as an inebriated stutter. We learn here that it was coined by a workingman speaker in 1833, who declared that he would be "t-total for ever," duplicating the "t" apparently for emphasis. But as Lord Riddell concludes the subject, one thing is certain: "A teetotal world would be a very critical one." Questioning whether this would make for increased happiness, he appends the not too cryptic, "I wonder!"

From reading Lord Riddell's replies to the query: "Is Britain a Back Number?" one feels convinced that all is safe and sound with the tight little island, at least so long as the Scotch birth rate keeps up. Judging from the catalogue of great names and great achievements supplied, to be born north of the Tweed remains the open sesame to fame and fortune. For those who have recently viewed the United Kingdom through Mr. Mencken's Teuton spectacles, this particular article may well serve as an antidote. In it, too, this literary lord springs a new one on the debt problem. Golf, if he had his way, would play a stellar rôle in international finance.

> Where would America be without golf? • • • If it were not for golf imported from Scotland by Scotsmen, half America's business men would long ago have died of dyspepsia, and the other half would either be in lunatic asylums or divorced for irritability. I sometimes think that American millionaires • • • whose lives have been saved by golf should subscribe a fund to discharge the British debt to America in recognition of what golf has done for them!

Lord Rosebery some years ago defined an educated man as one who knew everything about something and something about everything. Lord Riddell well exemplifies the second count in the qualification. Certainly his forty or so discussions here collected take a wide field of present-day knowledge for their province. "Digging Up the Greeks," "The Real Karl Marx," "Mysteries of the Law," "Groping for the Mind"—there scarcely remains a phase of life on which this prolific peer cannot chat in print both informingly and entertainingly. But one small head can't carry everything, as he reminds the reader in one of the book's best anecdotes. It concerns the visit of a Bishop to an English country house. The small daughter of the family, unaccustomed to episcopal gaiters and apron, showed a too marked interest in the prelate's quaint attire:

> Wishing to divert the conversation to a higher level, the Bishop said to the child, "Do you know the Lord's Prayer?" "Yes," she said. Then he asked, "Do you know the Ten Commandments?" "Yes," she said. Then he inquired, "Do you know the Creed?" "Yes," she said. Then he asked her whether she knew her catechism. "Damn it all," said the little girl, "I'm only 7!"

Writing as he does in the conversational manner, Lord Riddell succeeds most happily in the casual essay type of thing. On such a subject, for instance, as "Looking the Part," the manner and the actual matter make a rare and pleasing blend. Kings, queens, statesmen, doctors, musicians, butlers, he says, who look the part create the appropriate atmosphere. "Who could enjoy a Bishop's blessing, if he looked like a jockey?" But he possesses the faculty to make interesting topics such as foreign trade and the like, always associated in the mind with a certain factual stodginess, one might think from that any article called, "How the Chinese Dragon Lost Her Tail," would have at least a winking acquaintance with Lord Dunsany or the Kipling of the Just So Stories. But no. It has its inspiration in the China Year Book and bristles with statistics. He lures us on to their reading and actual enjoyment by this type of illustration: "The prosperity of Lancashire depends upon the Chinese demand for trousers."

As previously indicated, the contents of "More Things That Matter," started out as literary transients through the pages of "John o' London's Weekly." They retain the elements of transient journalism though now bound between dignified and durable covers. While for the most part of ephemeral value, they will interest and entertain, and as like as not intrigue the reader into a deeper study of the subjects dallied with. One can truthfully say of Lord Riddell what he himself has said of Burns: He is "never guilty of the worst of all faults—tediousness."

Current Magazines

IN the Cosmopolitan for September is a brief article by H. G. Wells entitled "The Four Years in College Are Wasted." Mr. Wells voices the complaint so often made that educational institutions do not really educate. His criticisms are directed particularly against Oxford and Cambridge, presumably because these are the universities he knows best, but he suspects that American institutions of higher education are even worse than the English ones. He would replace the present universities and colleges with institutions devoted wholly to research and discussion.

The newer institutions, the research and post-graduate colleges if you cling to the word, will offer no general education at all, no graduation in arts or science or wisdom. The only students who will come to them will be young people who are specially attracted and who want to work in close relation as assistants, secretaries, special pupils, collateral investigators with the devoted and distinguished men whose results are teaching all the world.

These men will teach when they feel disposed to teach. They will write, they will communicate what they have to say by means of conferences and special demonstrations, and their utterances will be world-wide. There is no need whatever now for any one ever to suffer and inflict an ordinary course of lectures again.

The new institutions for the increase of knowledge will become the constituent ganglia of one single world university and a special press and a literature of explanation and summary will make the general consequences of their activities accessible everywhere.

Other features in this issue of the Cosmopolitan are "What Makes Children Bright?" by Fred C. Kelly; "Eenie, Meenie, Minie, Mo!" by Charles Dana Gibson; "A Slave to Dope," by Daphne Lucas; "The Story of Marcus Loew," by Alexander Woollcott; "The Mushy Seventies," by George Ade; "An American Girl Taught Me the Meaning of Love," by Sum Nung Au-young; "Housekeeping in Paris," by O. O. McIntyre, and "We Bag the Famous Polo Sheep," by Theodore Roosevelt. The fiction includes instalments of serials by Adela Rogers St. John, Martha Ostenso, E. Barrington, Arthur Somers Roche and Peter B. Kyne, and short stories by Fannie Hurst, Ring Lardner, William J. Locke, Irvin S. Cobb, Blasco Ibáñez, Captain J. W. Thomason Jr., Storm Jameson, Sir Philip Gibbs, Gouverneur Morris, Royal Brown and Wallace Smith.

The International Book Review for August contains an interview by Dorothy Dunbar Bromley with Martha Ostenso, who tells how she came to write "Wild Geese." The interviewer writes:

As soon as you meet Martha Ostenso you realize that she is a person primarily interested in the adventure of living. Publishers' blurbs to the contrary, she can hardly be called a school teacher, for she has taught for only six months, and that was at the age of 19, when the wanderlust and boredom with college drove her into a desolate frontier section of Canada.

It was there that the stark drama of "Wild Geese" actually unfolded itself before her eyes. She, of course, was Lind, the young school teacher living in the house of Caleb, the old farmer whom she frequently saw "wipe the cruel smile from his face."

"Sometimes," she told me, "I was so terrified, so afraid for my own life, as well as for that of the others, that I thought I would go crazy. * * * People attack me for having created so melodramatic a character as the old man. As a matter of fact, he was even more brutal than I have pictured him. To this day he is lying in wait to kill me, because I rescued Judith and carried her off to the city, where she is now living and working happily." (You will remember that in the book Judith runs off to the city with her lover; but in real life he was not so gallant a youth.)

Among the other articles in this issue are "Betty and I Are Out—On the Air," an amusing account of his broadcasting experiences, by Thomas L. Masson; "Elbert Hubbard, the Practical Idealist," by Edwin Markham; "The Rising—or Setting—Star of Swinburne," by Henry B. Fuller; "Traveling by Way of Fiction," by Louis Moore; "Mr. Galsworthy Presents Modern England," by Louise Maunsell Field; "Henry Ford's Recipe for Universal Prosperity," by Percy A. Hutchinson; "Discovering the New World of the Atom," by Archibald Henderson; "Mid-Adventure," a hitherto unpublished poem by Amy Lowell; "Trapping a Yankee Privateer," editorial; "Arrows in the Air," by Mr. Smith; "When Herman Melville Was 'Mr. Omoo'," by Julian Hawthorne; "A List of Recent Books Worth Reading," by William Lyon Phelps, and reviews of current books by various writers.

Edward J. Clode announces the award of the $2,500 prize in his novel competition, which closed May 1, to Paul Kimball of Boston, for his novel, "Mrs. Merivale." Six thousand seven hundred manuscripts were submitted in the competition, and Mr. Kimball's story was selected as the best of these by Harry Hansen, literary editor of The New York World, and Grant Overton, fiction editor of Collier's. "Mrs. Merivale" is described as a story of the woman whose success other women envy and try to understand. It will be published immediately.

Those who think that Shakespeare's plays are only for the "highbrow" should read the article by Henry Albert Phillips, "Shakespeare for a Dime," in the August number of the Theatre Magazine. Mr. Phillips writes of an evening spent in the gallery of the "Old Vic" in London, where Shakespeare is played nightly to audiences of dock laborers, costermongers and others who are regular and frequent patrons of the house. We quote from Mr. Phillips's description of the audience:

The couple in front of us looked like a coal-heaver and his lydy; I fancied she had been over the washtub all day—and now Shakespeare at night! A pretty girl clinging to the arm of an Underground guard; a nurse in a brown costume and veil who has begun munching sandwiches and nits with an anxious frown as though she heard the baby crying; a prim woman with her daughter—she had been pretty, too, once and is trying to live vicariously those days when she came to the Old Vic fancy-free and first saw her child's father. There are wall seats too, where one may sit but not see; a couple of blokes, who look like costermongers with kerchiefs instead of collars about their necks and with caps pulled down over their eyes, sit there with their lydies.

Why do these people come to Shakespeare? I soon learned.

Shakespeare is an institution; Old Vic is an institution. They knew their Shakespeare and they knew the actors taking the parts. There were gusts of loyal enthusiasm after each act or scene that lasted in promiscuous exchange of views during the intermission. The drama brought forth tense attention, the quissical twinkles of the eyes and the humor guffaws of laughter.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

FICTION.

"The Wild Geese of Limerick." Achmed Abdullah. (Brentano's.)

"The Quiet Lady." Agnes Mure Mackenzie. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"The Colfax Book-Plate." Agnes Miller. (Century Company.)

"Sea Fog." J. S. Fletcher. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

"The Mysterious Wife." Grove Wilson. (Frank-Maurice, Inc.)

"Bill Grim's Progress." H. C. Witwer. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

NON-FICTION.

"The Fatal Countess, and Other Studies." William Roughead. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

"Words to the Deaf." Guglielmo Ferrero. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"The Negro in America." Jerome Dowd. (Century Company.)

"The Racial Basis of Civilization." Frank H. Hankins. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

"Wild Bill Hickok." Frank J. Wilstach. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"The Life, Work and Evil Fate of Guy de Maupassant." Robert Harborough Sherard. (Brentano's.)

In the same number of the Theatre Magazine we find "'Lots of My Friends Are Actors,'" by Gilbert W. Gabriel; "What I Do With Twenty-four Hours a Day," by Grant Mitchell and Helen Gahagan; "The Past Dramatists," a study not of dramatic poets but of Hungarian dramatists, by Sanford J. Greenburger; "A Brunette Discovered Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," by B. F. Wilson; "Personality," by Thoda Cocroft; "Dance On!" by Lucile Marsh; "The Making of a Broadway Play," sketches by Hans Stengel; "The Snooper Behind the Scenes," by Sylvia B. Golden, and other features, including a condensation of the play "Bride of the Lamb."

Mexico is a monthly commercial magazine whose avowed aim is to foster cultural and commercial relations between the United States and Mexico. It is edited and published by R. Martinez Perdomo at 225 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York City. The July issue contains "Petroleum in the History of Mexico," by V. Salvado Alvarez; "Justice to Mexico. The Santa Isabel Case," from El Universal; "Editorials From the Mexican Press"; "Publicity About Mexico"; "The Church Problem in Mexico," by Arturo M. Elias; "The State of Sonora"; "Suburban Additions to Mexico City. Chapultepec Heights"; "Mexican News Brevities"; "The Rubber Industry in the States of Tabasco and Chiapas, Mexico," by F. Suastegui; "Mexican Oil Fields During 1925," by Valentin R. Garfias and R. V. Whetsel; and "Mexican Laws and Regulations. Forest Laws."

Books and Authors

DAVID BINNEY PUTNAM, the boy explorer, who is a member of the expedition to Greenland headed by George Putnam for the American Museum of Natural History, has already completed the introduction for his new book, "David Goes to Greenland," and has sent the manuscript to New York from North Sidney, the last port at which the schooner Morrisey called. Since then the schooner grounded on a rock, but it got safely off again and there is every prospect that young David will have his manuscript completed by the time he returns late in October, so that G. P. Putnam's Sons can publish the book as soon thereafter as possible.

The way to get a lot of work done, according to Corra Harris, is to get an early start. And, what is more, she practices what she preaches. She has her morning coffee at 5 o'clock and is at her desk by 6, remaining there until it is time for her noonday lunch. She then takes the afternoon off, but she starts in again early in the evening and works until well along toward midnight. Mrs. Harris's latest book, "Flapper Anne," a novel about the younger generation, was published by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

Edward L. Bernays, the well-known public relations counsel, is preparing a book on careers, to be published shortly by the George H. Doran Company. The title has not been announced. Among the leaders in professions and industry who will contribute chapters to the book are Mary Roberts Rinehart, on writing; Ray Long, on editing; Roy Howard, on journalism; George H. Doran, on publishing; John Hays Hammond, on engineering; Dr. William Allen Pusey, on medicine; Colonel Michael Friedsam, on merchandising; Charles Cheney, on textile manufacture; Harvey Wiley Corbett, on architecture; Jesse Lasky, on motion pictures; Homer Folks, on social service; David Belasco, on drama; Pitts Sanborn, on music; Pierre Cartier, on jewelry craft; Joseph P. Day, on real estate; Stanley Resor, on advertising; A. C. Ernst, on accounting; P. H. Markham, on transportation; Nelson Antrim Crawford, on agriculture; Butler Wright, on foreign service; Frederick James Gregg, on the arts, and R. R. Deupree, on salesmanship.

From Pasadena, Cal., comes the announcement that Upton Sinclair is publishing a humorous political satire entitled "The Spokesman's Secretary: Being the Letters of Mame to Mom." The central figure is a manicure girl in Washington, D. C., who takes over the guidance of our national destinies, and tells "the greatest man in the whole world" what to tell the newspaper reporters to tell the people to think. Although the announcement does not definitely state that Mr. Sinclair is the author of the book, we presume that he is. If so, it is not his first venture as a humorous writer. He used to write jokes by the hatful before he became an uplifter.

Sinclair Lewis is back in Minnesota. He has a small bungalow on the shore of a lake, and there he is working furiously on his next novel. According to reports from the neighborhood the rattle of his typewriting machine, which is an ancient and noisy one, can be heard half a mile away. Mr. Lewis's latest novel, "Mantrap," is now in its fourth large American printing, and arrangements have just been made by Harcourt, Brace & Co. for its publication in Germany.

We have received the following letter from R. W. Chapman, the Clarendon Press, Oxford, England, and we print it here in the hope that some of our readers may be able to give the writer the information he desires.

Some twenty-five of Johnson's letters were sold at Sotheby's on Jan. 22, 1907. They passed through a London bookseller and a Philadelphia bookseller to an American collector who cannot now be traced. But as no one of them seems to have been in the market since it may be presumed that the collection is intact. Its chief importance to a would-be editor lies in the fact that it includes several letters which have not been printed. The rest are in Mrs. Piozzi's volumes; but here the brief quotations in the auction catalogue exhibit tantalizing variations. For example, in the letter from Ostig, in Skye, Sept. 30, 1773, where Mrs. Piozzi prints "I cannot think many things here more likely to affect the fancy than to see Johnson ending his sixty-fourth year in the wilderness of the Hebrides," the catalogue has not "to see Johnson" but "Mr. Sam Johnson."

Can any one disclose the whereabouts of this hoard?

Funk & Wagnalls announce for publication at the end of August a "Blue Book of Cookery and Manual of House Management," by Isabel Cotton Smith. Mrs. Cotton Smith is a prominent member of the fashionable colony on Long Island and of New York City. She is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick R. Townsend and the wife of John Cotton Smith, a lineal descendant of Cotton Mather. First as an amusement and later as a business, Mrs. Cotton Smith undertook the job of catering for the "400," and was so successful that it soon became necessary to employ a large staff of assistants. She has discontinued this service, but the results of her experience are set forth in her book, which contains recipes that would make an anchorite slip his anchor.

"Outwitting Middle Age" is the alluring title of a book by Dr. Carl Ramus which the Century Company will publish on Aug. 20. The thesis which Dr. Ramus sets out to prove is briefly expressed by him in the following paragraph: "Most of us are dying half our lives. Few of us are fully alive. Aging is just another word for slowly dying. Yet aging is not natural necessity nor divine dispensation. Aging is really a preventable disease in a large measure." Now if we can only manage to fight off the Grim Reaper until we find time to read that book, the world is ours.

The publicity department of the Frederick A. Stokes Company informs us gleefully that a horse named "Beau Geste" won the five-furlong race for two-year-olds at Empire City. The horse ran true to form, for Percival Christopher Wren's novel of the same name is now in its twenty-seventh printing. The same author's new novel, "Beau Sabreur," has got off to a fine start of 85,000 copies on the day of publication. Is there a horse named "Beau Sabreur"? If so, we might be tempted to place a small bet.

Some of the best of Johanna Spyri's stories for children have been collected in book form and will be published shortly by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company under the title "Stories of Swiss Children." The book will be illustrated in color.

ON A VERMONT FARM

"Pine Tree."

From the Painting by H. E. Schnakenberg. (From the August International Studio.)

Bobbs Merrill Books

By HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

Author of An American Family: Joseph Greer and His Daughter.

The CORBIN NECKLACE

A real mystery about real and attractive people. There is no more engaging character than Punch, the boy whose inquisitiveness plays havoc with the elaborate plans of an ambitious burglar. You'll want to turn back, when you get to the last page, and read it all over again. $2.00

By JOHN ERSKINE

The Private Life of Helen of Troy

Of such charm as almost to defy analysis. —*N. Y. Times.* $2.50

By CLIVE ARDEN

Author of Sinners in Heaven

THE VEIL OF GLAMOUR

The story of a marriage on approval. Deeply in love, but sincerely afraid of marriage, this man and girl live together in virtue for a year. Told with insight and thrilling intensity. $2.00

By C. E. SCOGGINS

The RED GODS CALL

A rapid fire story, crammed with thrilling adventure . . . happy blending of glamour of scene and drama of high adventure. —*Buffalo Times.* $2.00

Miss Tiverton Goes Out

A new star of the first magnitude in the formidable galaxy of English women writers who are making the novel as belles-lettres their occupation. —*New York Times.* $2.50

By GEORGE CHALLIS

The SPLENDID RASCAL

A tale of pirates bold and treasure ships, of fight and fury and high adventure, the like of which hasn't appeared in a blue moon. $2.50

By ELISABETH FINLEY THOMAS

Rendezvous

Here is a delightful love of color and form, a steady perception of the objects of life as pronounced as that of the French. —*New York Herald-Tribune.* $2.00

EVA By FRANZ MOLNAR

The Derelict Boat

Compact with infinite suggestion. . . . superb workmanship. —*N. Y. World.* $2.50

The Bobbs-Merrill Company
Publishers - - Indianapolis

Brief Reviews

THE REAL PARNELL

THE PARNELL OF REAL LIFE. By William O'Brien. Frontispiece portrait. 213 pp. London: T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN was a long-time friend and a devoted admirer of Parnell, and in this book of memories he endeavors to reconstruct out of his own intimate acquaintance a picture of the Irish leader that will give to a later generation some idea of his personal qualities and of the real nature of the man who was so much admired and loved by his close friends. Inevitably the narrative very quickly becomes inextricably tangled in the labyrinthine ways of Irish politics of a generation ago. No one who is not well versed in the story of the great struggle in which Parnell was on the verge of winning complete success when disaster cast him suddenly down and out can read the whole of the book understandingly. But there are many pages in it wherein one gets glimpses of the mind and heart of the Irish leader that make vital and interesting additions to what is already known of his personality and his career. There is also light thrown here and there on some of the more darkly mysterious intricacies of the Irish struggle of the 1880's and of the Gladstone and Parnell policies. Another Irishman, Arthur Griffith, has said that O'Brien knew more of Parnell and was more intimately trusted by him than any other man, a dictum that seems to be substantiated by the accounts the author gives of their many intimate conversations on other matters as well as upon political aims and methods.

TEA ROOMS

TEA ROOM AND CAFETERIA MANAGEMENT. By E. N. Elliott. 176 pp. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.

THE tea room has blossomed out of late years into a much more important establishment than its name appears to indicate. It is this larger and more generally useful eating place, that is merely one form of a restaurant, that Mr. Elliott's practical little book deals with. He is an organizer and analyst of various forms of business who has more recently been specializing in the business problems of tea rooms and cafeterias, and in these pages he sets forth the general principles which it is necessary for owners and managers of such establishments to observe if they would have their places successful. He begins at the beginning of such an undertaking, and gives advice as to the amount of capital necessary to embark in the enterprise, considers location and its desirable factors, lease, ventilation and the fundamental principles of decoration, explains how to analyze expenses, insists upon the necessity of a proper system of accounting and discusses, among additional matters, the portions to be served, the prices charged, the question of employes, buying and advertising, and many other phases of the running of such places. One chapter compares the tea room and the cafeteria as business enterprises, and comments on differences in their management. The author thinks that at the present time the cafeteria is growing rapidly in popularity and is probably exceeding even the rapid growth in public interest and patronage being made by the tea room. Mr. Elliott writes with authority upon all these matters because of his wide and varied business experience and observation. His advice is couched in simple and direct language and is confined to rather simple and fundamental principles.

EIGHT GREAT AMERICANS

TALL TIMBERS (Giants in Contrast). By Chesla C. Sherlock. Illustrated. 230 pp. Boston: The Stratford Company. $3.

MR. SHERLOCK'S unrevealing title refers to certain of the men who were chiefly responsible for the establishing of this Government and the directing of its course as far as the Civil War period. He has chosen eight of these men and presents them in four contrasted couples. There are two "practical philosophers," George Mason and Benjamin Franklin; two "great soldiers," George Washington and Andrew Jackson; two "statesmen," Alexander Hamilton and James Madison; two "popular champions," Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln. It is a striking and interesting method of biographical study and Mr. Sherlock brings to it an honest mind which he has divested of prejudice, as far as that is possible, a searching, incisive curiosity about character, much preparation in the way of reading, study and thought, and a lucid, direct, entertaining style. With each pair of "tall timbers" he presents the career, achievements and character of each one separately in thirty or forty pages and then in three or four pages draws a comparison between them.

The outstanding virtue of Mr. Sherlock's book, the quality that makes it really worth while, is the honesty, clear-sightedness and judicial temperament with which he has endeavored to search out and portray the real character of each of his subjects. What he has tried to do is to get at the real man behind the concealing verbiage that hero worshipers and mephistophelian sneerers have alike draped over the minds and souls of these men. He explains in his foreword that he has no "disease of admiration," and the reader gratefully discovers that he speaks the truth. Nevertheless, he evidently does admire the personal character of some of his subjects much more than he does that of some of the others. But this does not lead him, as it too often does the iconoclastic biographer, to belittle achievement or to gloat over faults. Nor does he indulge in fulsome laudation of those for whom he seems to have a higher personal regard. In every case what he has tried to do is to pick out and present from authentic records such characteristic actions as will give a fair, well-rounded conception of the man's true nature, to show the real man, with all his faults and virtues thick upon him, neither concealing nor stressing either the one or the other. For the average reader the book is very much worth while because it presents in brief compass an unusually honest and judicial estimate of so many of the most important characters in our history.

OUR HISTORIANS

THE WRITING OF HISTORY. By Jean Jules Jusserand, Wilbur Cortez Abbott, Charles Colby and John Spencer Bassett. 145 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

THERE is seldom a time when the people of this country are not being exhorted to strike the sawdust trail to the mourners' bench on one or another phase of national life. During recent months there has been an earnest effort to put the country as a whole, and each of its nationals in particular under conviction of sin as to the histories it has written and read, and—still worse—believed. Six years ago the American Historical Association appointed a committee to investigate the writing of histoay in this country and the reasons for the decline of general interest in historical works. The Chairman of the committee was M. J. J. Jusserand, who during his long and highly successful career as Ambassador from France was deeply interested in the progress of history here and served as President of the association, while associated with him were Wilbur Cortez Abbott, Professor of History at Harvard University, and Charles W. Colby. Later on was added John Spencer Abbott, Secretary of the association and Professor of History at Smith College. Each of these four men has written his own report of their investigation, in which he embodies his personal conclusions upon the present "unsatisfactory state" of history writing in this country, the reasons for it and what can be done about it. The four reports compose this slender volume.

Upon a number of factors in the situation they are all practically agreed. One of these is that the writer of history in this country no longer fills the important rôle that he did in the days of Bancroft, Motley and Parkman; no longer writes literature of the rank of their histories, no longer commands the public attention nor wins the financial returns that rewarded them. To a certain extent they let the reading public share the blame for this state of affairs, but most of it they put squarely on the shoulders of the modern devotees of the muse of history, who, they seem to think, lack both the literary instinct and the literary training necessary for the writing of history that will be also literature and

(Continued on Following Page)

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Brief Reviews

(Continued from Preceding Page)

will therefore be widely read. One of the features of M. Jusserand's chapter, wherein he tells something of the training in literary expression of French children, is especially illuminating in this respect.

While the book as a whole will chiefly interest specialists in the writing and the teaching of history, there is much in it that will be of value to other kinds of writers and to the general reader who likes to pay some attention to current historical books.

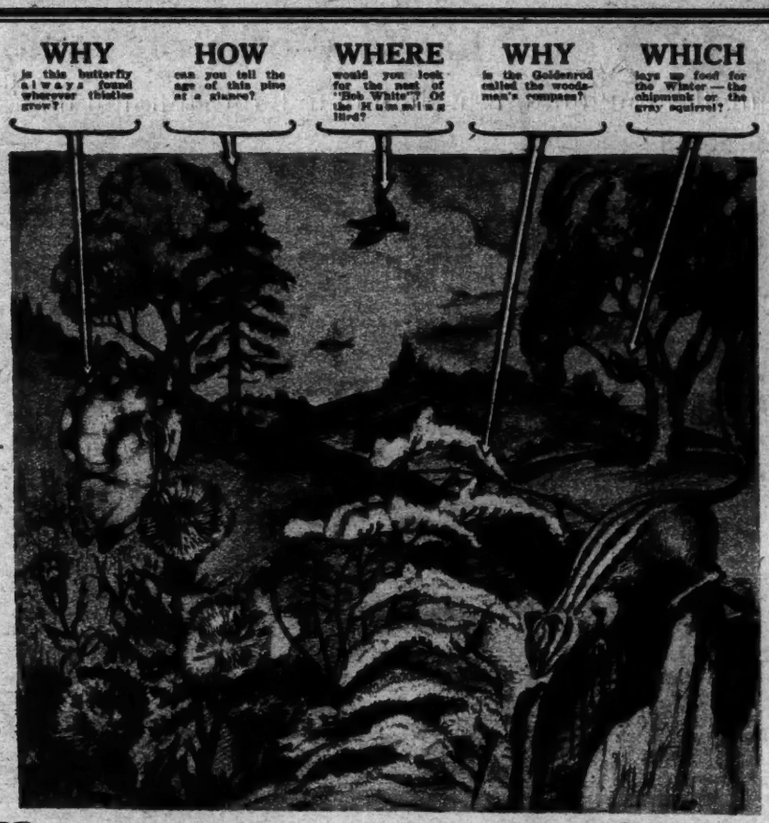
BUILDING SHIP MODELS

SHIP MODEL BOOK. How to Build and Rig Model Ships, with a Special Set of Full-Sized Paper Patterns for the Famous Ship Benjamin F. Packard. By George B. Douglas and Others. Illustrated. 32 pp. New York: The Rudder Publishing Company. $4.

ONE of the dominant industries of our forebears has become a playtime hobby of our own time. What would the men who built and sailed the ships of seventy, eighty and a hundred years ago have thought and said if they could have foreseen the grandchildren of their own period finding entertainment in making tiny imitations of the stately vessels that were their pride and joy and means of wealth? Perhaps they would have found consolation for their hurt in the thought that another age would be thus paying homage to the perfection of their craft and in the assurance that thus for a little longer would the knowledge of how masterly they wrought be held within the mind of man. From imposing industry to casual hobby—could the passage of time contrive a keener irony?

This admirably useful and practical book for those who are interested in the ship model hobby can hardly help inspiring such reflections as one looks at the picture of the famous ship, wings aspread, her long and slender hull almost lifted from the water as she races through the waves, and compares it with the paper patterns which will guide the maker of her miniature imitation to be used for a mantel ornament. But there are hobbies far less useful and interesting than the making of ship models, wherein is preserved some appreciation of the knowledge and the spirit that went into the making of the ships themselves. Mr. Douglas and his helpers have provided an excellent manual for the devotees of this hobby. Taking the Benjamin F. Packard as a specimen ship, he describes in detail every step in the making of the model. There are chapters devoted in the same careful and detailed way to the ship's rigging, but diversified with accounts and descriptions of the rigging of ancient ships. One chapter describes some of the characteristics of old-time sailing vessels. In a chapter on "Building a Model by the Lift or Layer System" C. F. Callahan describes in much detail a method of model building much used for yacht models. Copious illustrations and diagrams give the model builder pictorial assistance. The patterns, in stiff paper, are enclosed in a pocket in the back of the volume.

The August number of The World's Work contains "The March of Events," the regular monthly "Editorial Interpretation"; "A New Industrial Empire: How Tennessee Is Creating It," sixteen pages of photographs showing the progress made in recent years by this Commonwealth; "Tennessee Strides Forward," by French Strother; "Wilson as Peacemaker," by David F. Houston; "The Phenomena of Modern Advertising," by Frank Presbrey; "The Presidency—Pulpit and Pillory," by Mark Sullivan; "Does Mussolini Mean War?" by Frederick Palmer; "Cities That Passed in a Night," new light on the ancient Mayas, by Gregory Mason; "Leaders and Armies of Rebellious China," by Henry J. Reilly; "The Issue Between Grazing and Forestry," by W. B. Greeley; "Personalities" (illustrated); "Where Is the American Theatre Going?" by Walter Prichard Eaton; "One Hundred Years of Railroading" (book review), by Herbert Bruckner, and "Debts Uncle Sam Won't Pay," by Donald Wilhelm.



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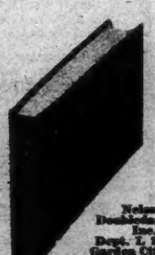

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Latest Works of Fiction

(Continued from Page 9)

mate, beheld the pearls, and in the fight which follows for the possession of the jewels Smith kills the captain.

For eighteen years Iris and her foster parents live in Australia on the proceeds from the pearls. The passing of the years has hardened Smith in viciousness, but Mary Collins has lived only for Iris. When Iris is 19 Smith takes her and Mary to London. Smith is now "on the make." They drift to the Limehouse section of London's East End.

Now Smith decides to dispose of Iris to the highest bidder. In "Larry's Joint," a Limehouse den, Smith hands the girl over to a Chinaman white slaver, despite the protests of Big Eric, the Swede, who is determined to buy her at any cost. Dave Cameron, a millionaire adventurer, who has come to this den "to see life," rescues the unscathed Iris and restores her to her home. When Mary Collins learns of her pseudo-husband's villainy, she rushes off to "Larry's Joint" and tells the tale of the girl's parentage and the black pearls.

Now the story shifts back to Rafi Vanu and in a series of swiftly moving episodes we have the full cast of the dramatis personae of "Larry's Joint" engaging in a battle for the possession of Iris and the recovery of the remaining black pearls which Merrion had been too pressed to take when he first fled from the island in the dinghy. Added to the passions of these men, who are stopped by no scruples, moral or physical, where greed and lust are concerned, we now have the additional menace of savage headhunters who are bent on the destruction of the whites. When Cameron's yacht finally lifts anchor, the beach is strewn with the dead bodies of the whites, Big Eric is floating in the sea with a broken back, the black pearls are in the cabin, and Cameron declares, as he kisses Iris, "I would have followed you to hell."

Many readers of fiction have an adventure novel period in their reading lives, and some of us still turn to "Treasure Island" with relief, when too much tortured by life or realistic novels. But Stevenson and his school merely fed us Grade A milk if "Black Pearls" is an indication of the "red-blood" appetite of "flaming youth" for adventure.

A MALAYAN SULTAN

A PRINCE OF MALAYA. By Sir Hugh Clifford, G. C. M. G., G. B. E. 253 pp. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.50.

"A PRINCE OF MALAYA" is a most colorful and fascinating story of places and people of which most of the outside world knows less than nothing. As Governor of the Malay Archipelago, Sir Hugh Clifford had an unusual opportunity of studying at close range the race he describes so vividly in this tale of the Far Orient. Although written more than twenty years ago, Sir Hugh has made no attempt to rewrite or to revise it, because to do so would have been to throw the whole picture out of focus. For the tragedy of Saleh, the young Malayan Sultan, and the fashion in which it is related, alike belong to a period which has passed away.

For nearly two years Sir Hugh Clifford was posted at the court of a Malayan Sultan of the old school, whose autocratic methods had not yet been subjected to any extraneous interference, and he was thus afforded an insight, rarely vouchsafed to a European, of the eccentricities and excesses of unfettered native rule. All these things have been incorporated into the pathetic story of young Iang-Mulia Rājah Muhammad Saleh bin Iang-Maha-Mulia Sultan Abubakar Mā'atham Shah Iang-di-pĕr-Tûan Pĕlĕsu—to give him his staggeringly long and imposing title—but who was known to his English friends by the undistinguished name of "Sally."

The British Government sends Sally to be educated in England so that later he may be better equipped to rule over his people. At first he is homesick for Pĕlĕsu and his father's royal residence; "three big wooden houses, raised on piles above the untidy litter of a compound, connected each to each by narrow gangways, roofed and walled; * * * a big brown river rolling by * * * beyond the ten-foot fence of wattled bamboos which encloses in its lopsided square this palace of a native king."

Put in the care of a clergyman's family at Winchester, the little prince finds difficulty in adapting himself to new conditions. His manhood is revolted by the position occupied among white folk by the women. Even after weeks of use, his meals are a humiliation to him because Mrs. Le Mesurier and her daughters sit at table. Even his own mother would not have dreamed of taking such a liberty with her son. The service rendered by the maidservants is natural enough, but it hurts his pride and self-respect to find that he is expected to give way to the daughters of the house in everything, that he is chidden if he neglects to offer to carry a cloak for a lady, if he does not run willingly on trifling errands for Mrs. Le Mesurier, if he is not active in forestalling the wants of her and her daughters.

After five years, however, he becomes thoroughly Anglicised in thought and feeling. And then he falls in love. In the daily companionship of Alice Fairfax, the passion which the Malayans call "the madness" comes upon him in all its grandeur and its might. It is no mere calf-love such as an English lad might feel, nor yet the crude animal craving of man for woman which passes for love with the men of his blood. He loves Alice with all the fire of his Malayan temperament, but also with the reverence, the purity, the idealism of a European lover. Then suddenly there is thrust upon him the cruel significance of the racial ban and he realizes that he will never be permitted to mate with a white woman.

When the day arrives for his return to his native land Saleh sees that he is nothing but a waif of all the world—of the white men's world, but not in it—an outcast of the nations. Gradually he becomes convinced that it is in Malaya he really belongs. There, little by little, his English training sloughs off and he reverts to type. Finally, egged on by a band of religious fanatics, he leads an ill-fated revolt against the British, is beaten and dies fighting.

LOST PEARLS

THE CORBIN NECKLACE. By Henry Kitchell Webster. 303 pp. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER has discovered a new means for making the old story of the pearls refreshing. Instead of straining for a mysterious and even eerie background, he has chosen to employ nothing more violent than a normal event in life—if a large wedding may be so described. He has peopled this commonplace event with the usual cast of a large marriage party. The story takes background from the Corbin family, who had early settled in the Middle West and had there grown wealthy.

At the head of the Corbin family sits Grandma Corbin, crippled these many years, confined to her room a considerable part of the time, yet dominating the affairs of the family, for she retains a firm grip on the family fortune. Her eldest son died while his children were still young, and Victoria, her daughter-in-law, and Judy and Punch lived on with Grandmother Corbin. It hadn't been the pleasantest of arrangements. Grandmother Corbin was fond of asserting her power. Between Victoria and the older Mrs. Corbin endless bickering went on. Victoria could wear the famous Corbin necklace—but the grandmother retained the ownership—taunting her daughter-in-law with the precious pearls. That the children might be educated to the full advantage of the Corbin wealth and traditions, Victoria stayed on and battled with the old lady. Meanwhile Judy had grown up and Victoria was marrying her off to the son of an old New England family.

When grandmother goes to give Judy the necklace that night, as her wedding present, she finds the $100,000 pearls are gone. Practically everybody is suspected. In the morning the pearls are again found—but they are an imitation string. By this time the relationships of the wedding party are thoroughly involved.

The human element in this fiction makes complications likely. The reader is privy to such a cross-section of conflicting motifs that the story is persuasive. "The Corbin Necklace" is amusing light fiction.

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The Old South

(Continued from Page 2)

created by a group of Nashville Parnassians dignified with the names of John Crowe Ransom and Donald Davidson. The little poetry magazines in the South rise, flourish, decline and fall—frail flowers of esthetic rootage, which prompted Keith Preston's gay little lilt:

Among our literary scenes,
Baddest this sight to me,
The graves of little magazines
That died to make verse free.

Among the long list of newer Southern poets, a few of whom command today a national audience, two authentic poets, in addition to those mentioned, have emerged into view: Olive Tilford Dargan and William Alexander Percy.

A mere glance at the Little Theatre movement in the South, which has a variegated history of no little interest, enables one to discern tangible signs of genuine literary aspiration and creativeness. Some years ago, as an official of the Drama League of America, the writer actively canvassed the South through the press and the magazines, and from the public platform; and in particular organized Drama League Centres at New Orleans and Columbia. The later work of Frederick H. Koch with his Carolina Playmakers at Chapel Hill, of Dan Reed with his Town Theatre at Columbia, and of the Little Theatre Group at New Orleans shows abundant harvest for the seeds sown by the Drama League of America. Various other groups of little theatre workers, notably the group at Dallas, testify to the vitality of this phase of the South's creative activity; and plays of regional interest and local inspiration, dealing with the poor white, the mountain men and women, the tenant farmer, the negro, for example, are being written and produced in no inconsiderable numbers in the South. The most conspicuous results of this activity are the two volumes of "Carolina Folk Plays," written by students and edited by Professor Koch; and the most promising dramatists emerging from the University of North Carolina are Harvey Hatcher Hughes, winner of the Pulitzer prize for his notable play, "Hell Bent For Heaven," and Paul Green, who has recently brought out two books of plays, a number of which have been already produced by little theatres: "The Lord's Will" and five other one-act plays, and "Lonesome Road."

Literature in the South, which continues to enlarge in a succession of new ripples created by a veritable hail of new pebbles, requires a book for treatment. Such chapters in Professor Mims's "The Advancing South" as "Scholars and Critics of Chapel Hill," "Pens That Are Swords" and "From Romance to Realism" sketch some of the leading tendencies in the new literary movement in the South. Certain clear trends may readily be disengaged from the great mass of literary product: a realistic interest in the negro, not as a retainer, a jester, or a figure for low comedy, but as a human being, entangled in a network of problems and projected against a background of tragic determinism; a realistic treatment of Southern problems concerning the white race, the clash of different classes of society, a declining aristocracy and an aspiring energetic lower middle class; a new approach along lines of historical research to the South as setting and background of historical fiction, whether romantic or realistic, and the beginnings at least of a selfless interpretation and scarifying criticism of Southern life, literature and institutions.

To the first group belong such novels as Clement Wood's "Nigger," T. S. Stribling's "Birthright," Du Bose Heyward's "Porgy," Ambrose Gonzales's "The Black Border," and Julia Peterkin's sketches, "Green Thursday"; to the second, most of the novels of Ellen Glasgow, culminating in "Barren Ground"; Corra Harris's "The Circuit Rider's Wife," and T. S. Stribling's "Teetallow"; to the third, Mary Johnston's "The Long Roll," James Boyd's "Drums," Joseph Hergesheimer's "Balisand," and Walter Page's "Nicholas Worth," although neither Boyd nor Hergesheimer is a Southerner; and to the fourth, John Donald Wade's "Augustus Baldwin Longstreet" (which had W. P. Trent's "William Gilmore Simms" as a forerunner), Francis Gaines's "The Southern Plantation," William Edward Dodd's historical studies of the antebellum South, Joseph Wood Krutch's "Edgar Allan Poe," and the trenchant essays of Gerald Johnson, Howard Odum and the shrewd, vociferous and unreliable "Bad Boy of Baltimore." Individual contributions to the new movement are the encouragement given promising young Southern writers, both personally and editorially, by Mencken, who never let his right hand of iconoclasm know what his left hand of uplift was doing; the brilliant if critically unreliable essay in interpretation, "The Short Story's Mutations," by Frances Newman; the eloquent, though mildly Victorian "The Advancing South," by Edwin Mims; the vigorous satire and refreshing impudence of Nell Battle Lewis, columnist, and "The Literary Lantern" of "Telfair, Junior," who is none other than Professor Addison Hibbard of the University of North Carolina. The best interpretation of the spirit of the New South in literature is drawn by Hibbard in a comparison between the South and Dorinda, suggested by the famous passage in Ellen Glasgow's "Barren Ground":

> The land which she had forgotten was waiting to take her back to its heart. Endurance. Fortitude. The spirit of the land was flowing into her, and her own spirit, strengthened and refreshed, was flowing out again toward life. • • • At middle age she faced the future without romantic glamour, but she faced it with integrity of vision. The best of life, she told herself with clear-eyed wisdom, was ahead of her. • • • Though she remembered a time when loveliness had been a sword in her heart, she knew now that where beauty exists the understanding soul can never remain desolate.

Albert Trentini

(Continued from Page 8)

speciation of nature and in heroic sentiments. Quite enchantingly Gertrude, the bride, stands among her many little sisters and brothers! And the Italian Nobile—a living, breathing figure! To be able to combine all these innumerable delicate strokes to make so excellent a picture one must know the Italian nation very well. His graciousness, his extravagant speech and gestures, his princely generosity—and, at the next step, the most innocent emotional crudeness, with which he does profound hurt every instant to the feelings of his brotherhood, without even suspecting it.

Finally, therefore, the two lovers part in mutual understanding. Heroically Gertrude and her mother pack all the furs, gowns, lace underwear, and her diadem of brilliants, into the many trunks that were awaiting the wedding, and the dear girl confidently returns to her care-laden poverty.

***

IN the joy of the little town of Bozen when the union between its German darling and the Italian is dissolved, the author permits the ardent feeling of borderlands for their threatened home to flare up into beautiful fire. The first draft of the book was written before the loss of Bozen, at the beginning of the war; to this we owe the graceful serenity of the final scenes, of which he probably would be incapable today. He puts all his glowing love for this lost home into his delightful descriptions of the mountains of Southern Tyrol, which he knows exactly in every mood, at every time of the year, under every sort of light. I cannot think of another poet who is Trentini's peer where the magnitude, the poetry, and the delicacy of nature-description is concerned.

Despite all this excellence, however, it is a sad fact that among his compatriots Albert Trentini does not yet enjoy the widespread recognition and celebrity due him. Partly to blame for this is his aristocratically modest character, which makes him scorn every form of self-advertisement; again, there is his high official position, which used to demand so much of his time that it was impossible for him to be very much in touch with the literary circles that make or break the reputation of a colleague. And now, struck by a severe illness, the poet lies in his lonely sickroom. We can only hope and wish that he will soon recover, that he may be able to carry out the fine plans that occupy his mind. We have not, today, so many magnificently written poetic works—if we have any at all!—to be able to spare a man like Albert Trentini.

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Notes on Rare Books

AMONG collections of English literature chiefly of the Elizabethan period that of W. A. White has long been reputed the first of its kind in private hands. While it has been a secluded library, reserved and academic, it has been familiar to a number of students and bookmen. The chorus of admiration it has awakened from them has given it the reputation of a classic institution. It has long served as the criterion for comparison or reference for all other private collections of Elizabethan literature.

Some hint of the whole was to be found in such a volume as De Ricci's Book Collector's Guide, which recorded a few of the greater rarities in the White collection. A number of the books acquired many years ago by Mr. White appear also to have served the compilers of the Grolier Club's "Collations and Notes," and the unique quarto "Richard II," 1598 (no longer in the White collection) had been edited and privately printed. But the absence of an accurate catalogue made it difficult to determine the scope and value of the collection.

The curiosity of students and bookmen about this library may be fairly satisfied by the "catalogue" of it made by Miss Henrietta Bartlett. This volume, an unassuming octavo from the press of the Pynson Printers, Inc., and for sale by Charles Scribner's Sons ($7), is limited to 500 copies. It contains a facsimile reproduction of the first and last leaves of a contemporary manuscript of the first version of Sidney's "Arcadia," and it describes, as well, Mr. White's Elizabethan MSS. and his collection of Elizabethan medals.

This records a library which offers a practically complete survey of English literature at its most scintillant period. Great names are these, and immortal books: Bacon, Beaumont and Fletcher, Breton, Thomas Browne, Burton, Chapman, Jonson, Lyly, Marlowe, Milton, Shakespeare, Sidney, Spenser, Walton and Webster; "The Palace of Pleasure," "Orlando Furioso," translated by Harington, "The Spanish Tragedy," "Lucasta."

***

FEW owners could have acknowledged at any time such great possessions, such profusion of Elizabethan quartos, such an array of the rarest volumes between the period of Howard's "Songs and Sonnets" and Milton's "Paradise Lost." In this library are memorable groups of works by Breton, Chapman, Sam. Daniel, Dekker, Drayton, Robt. Greene, Thos. Heywood, one of the finest collections known of Ben Jonson, Thos. Lodge, Lyly, Marlowe (including the unique "Hero and Leander," 1598), Marston, Massinger Milton, Nash and Shakespeare. The collections of Restoration dramatists, faint and sometimes distorted echoes of the swelling Elizabethan choruses, are part—and an appropriate part—of the White library.

The late collection of Mr. John L. Clawson had often won the tribute of favorable comparison with the White library. Now that both have been indexed it is possible to determine the value of each without, however, making too searching a comparison. Such comparison would serve no special purpose here. The White collection has been many years in the process of formation; that of Mr. Clawson was a seven-years' garner. A number of the greater rarities which were once in the White library, according to the records, are now no longer a part of it. The library of Mr. White is fuller than the Clawson collection was, and part of this augmentation is derived from the inclusion of books which are but minor extensions of the main branch of Elizabethan literature. These, not especially valuable in themselves, are interesting in their relation to the whole and do serve to strengthen and solidify the White collection. In the most valuable division, the Shakespeare quartos, the Clawson and White collections appear to be fairly well matched. Of the quartos, Mr. White has apparently all that Mr. Clawson had, with the exception of the spurious "Locrine" and the 1600 "Sir John Oldcastle." His "Richard II," 1608, lacks the title, and "Much Ado About Nothing," 1600, lacks thirteen leaves; but he has such exclusive rarities, not included in Mr. Clawson's library, as the "Pide Bull," "King Lear," 1608; "Merchant of Venice," 1600; "Midsummer Nights Dreame," 1600, and "Loves Labours Lost," 1598. The White First Folio is in Class I in Lee's "Census."

***

A MUCH better group of John Taylor's appeared in the Clawson sale, and in several other divisions that collection surpassed Mr. White's. It is surprising, too, to find such conspicuous omissions in the White library as any edition of Arnold's "Chronicle of London," Ascham's "Toxophilus," a King James Bible, Boccaccio's "Decameron," Donne's Poems, Erasmus's "Praise of Folie," any edition of Gower's "Confessio Amantis," Heywood's "Spider and the Flie," Langland's "Piers Plowman," "Mirrour for Magistrates," More's "Utopia," a work of Quarles, and certainly some of Skelton's. Any or all of these are expected in a great Elizabethan library; they are famous works, familiar figures in the brilliant Elizabethan tapestry. It seems to us that all of them might have been easily acquired during the period in which Mr. White collected and a number of them are still obtainable at reasonable prices.

The catalogue itself, a difficult work to print, but accurately produced, we believe will give serious disappointment to many bookmen. When the catalogue was announced it was hoped that it would be a distinctive contribution to bibliographic literature and a kind of monument to its subject. But this is a merely utilitarian production—little more than a check list. It is practically devoid of descriptive matter, or that academic embroidery which makes many catalogues such excellent reading.

The details appended to the list of Ben Jonson's works represent the notes and the information which bookmen value and which they expect to find in such a catalogue. Some of these are extremely interesting, and had such treatment been accorded the other entries the White catalogue could take its place among some of our more treasured bibliographies.

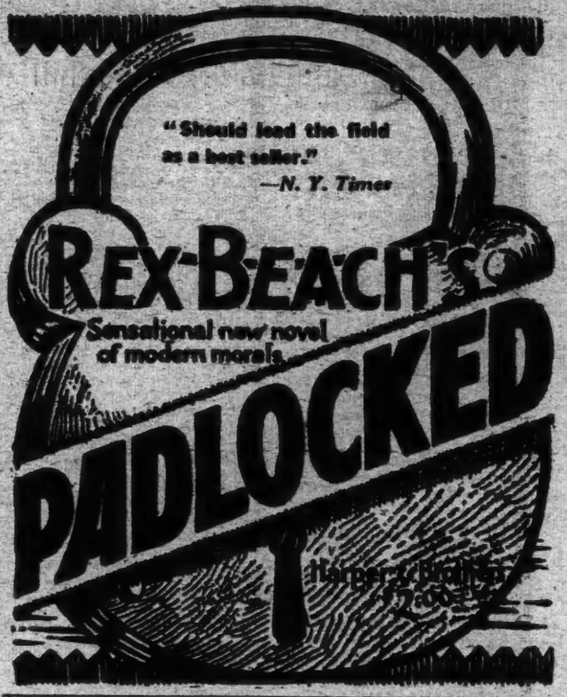
The note to the contemporary MS. of Sidney's "Arcadia" (written by Mr. White) appears generous indeed when compared with the bare and unadorned accounts of the other pieces. Such an entry, for instance, as "Armin, Robert, Foole upon Foole, or, Six sortes of Sotten. For W. Ferbrand, 1605. 2nd ed. [1st, 1600, Folger has the only copy.] A-E4. Wolfreston - Daniel - Huth, unique." seems scant treatment for a valuable book about which one may wish to have some details. This "catalogue" represents bibliography in at least interesting forms, in its concentrated essentials, its ultimate conclusions. There is, for those who have an affection for old books, an irritating note of economy about the catalogue—in its lack of facsimiles, its cramped references, its cold restraint.

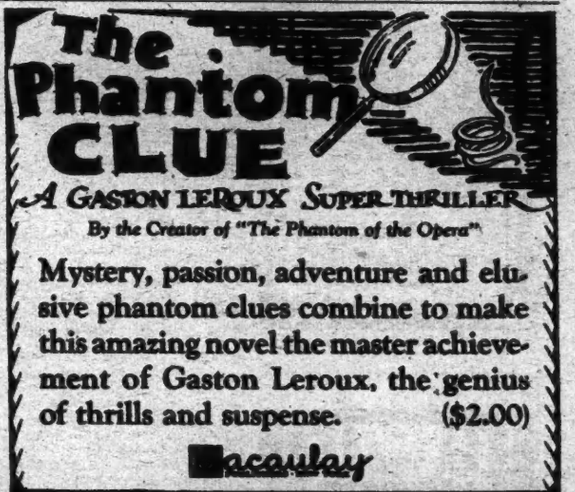
***

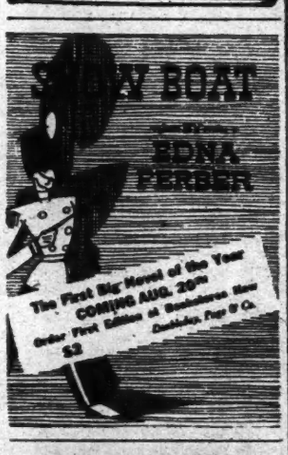
NOT that we fail to appreciate the excessively difficult work involved in getting out such a catalogue. One little phrase may represent the result of weeks of weary research, and a question-mark a long and intricate study. To the charge that the treatment of this catalogue is too much a matter of concentration and word-economy, the compiler may object that most of the books are already known and catalogued elsewhere. But surely the essentials of such information might have been easily incorporated here. Of what use is it to catalogue a library which requires a shelf of reference books to clarify its contents?

We think, too, that a bibliographer should be a little careful about adopting as a permanent garment the mantle of omniscience. "Only three copies known," and variations of that number, occur throughout this catalogue, and are only too often inaccurate. We know of several instances casually selected in this catalogue of books that exist in at least several more copies than are here represented. While the White library is really great, it is not as exclusive as its compiler believes.

But we do not mean to be too critical. No "perfect" bibliography exists, we believe, and in such a work as this an error or two is unavoidable. The White catalogue, as it stands, is essential to students, dealers and collectors of Elizabethan literature, and they may be able to determine the deal outlines of this giant among libraries from the skeleton offered here.







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Germany's Recovery

(Continued from Page 1)

trends, the irresponsible industrialists, who played fast and loose with the resources of the State to make payment to the Allies impossible, and the great speculators, who were often the same persons acting in a wholly different capacity, canceling rent, interest and taxes as they acquired an ascendancy in the affairs of the nation they never approached before. Then business became supreme and the propertied middle class, the former shareholders in business, the depositors in banks and the owners of land were bankrupted and their solid influence as a class was all but destroyed. It is suggestive to examine the reflection this change has had on the careers chosen by students at the universities, who are abandoning the learned professions in shoals and studying machinery, engineering, electrotechnics, chemistry, mining and business administration instead. The subjects enumerated seem to attract more than twice as many students today, from the tables given, while philology, history, mathematics, biology, theology and even medicine have dropped all the way from one-third to one-half of their previous enrolment. The only exception is law, where in republican Germany, against an average increase in the student body of about 35 per cent., the prospective lawyers have increased by well over 100 per cent. over the law students of 1918, thus proving again the oft-observed condition that the more democratic a government becomes the more lawyers seem to be necessary to run it.

In this era of anarchy another institution that lost a good part of its grip on German life was the Social Democratic Party, a notorious middle-class organization whose powerful war-chest was terribly depleted, along with the savings of most of its individual membership, with the reckless depreciation of the mark. This explains a good deal of the history of the past three or four years in German politics, for normally the Social Democratic Party seemed bound to control the destinies of the State, all other things being equal, once the republic was founded. But the great power of the new industrial class which owned the things of Germany when all else became figments, and of the agricultural class, which acquired real title to their land with the virtual disappearance of mortgages, overshadowed the thrifty working class, and thrift and hard work are only now coming back as German virtues.

Macaulay's memorable description of the era of clipped shillings in William III's time in England, and his opinion that no war can be so severe an experience as a national crisis over the common coinage, is brought vividly to mind with the author's graphic description of the sufferings of the German people under the period of inflation. In that time the hardships of forced speculation in every necessity of life entered every home in Germany, while the war at least, though more dreadful where it struck home, left a large share of grief of an indirect and sentimental kind. The aftermath was a frightful disillusionment, and many of its most engrossing details, for the student of world economics, are here put in human vein by a sympathetic critic who nowhere reminds his readers that this people were so lately his enemies.

As for the ability of Germany to pull herself out of this trial, the foregoing outline of Sir Philip Dawson's book should be sufficient to show that he believes she has done so brilliantly. While the crucial time of payments under the Dawes plan has not yet arrived, he has no doubt but that they can and will be met. In fact, though he does not say so, they are no greater than Germany paid before the war to support her military establishment. Henry M. Robinson, an eminent member of that commission, has recently based his confidence on the carrying out of the plan on that estimate, including in it the services rendered to the army and navy by other elements of the German Government before the war. With the remarkable progress that Germany is making under the prospect of a long-continued peace, it seems certain that such a sum should be a lesser drain on her resources as a nation than when the prospect was war.

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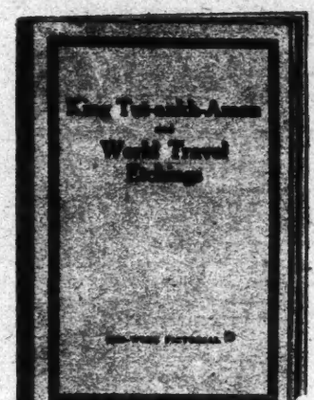

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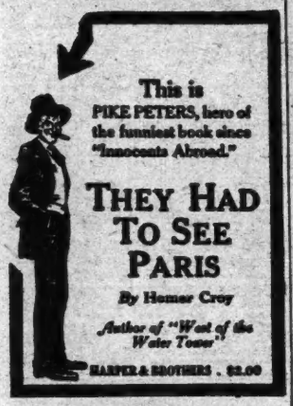

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Queries and Answers

This department is designed to assist in the location of complete versions of poems and their sources, the names of authors, &c., which cannot be found through the usual channels of anthologies and books of reference. THE TIMES *receives a great many more queries than it can publish. It endeavors, therefore, to select those of the greatest general interest. Queries should be addressed to the Editor of Queries and Answers,* NEW YORK TIMES. *They should be written on one side of the paper only, and must contain the name and address of the writer as evidence of good faith.*

QUERIES.

"My Ship"

M. V. L.—Can some one help me find the poem the first stanza of which is as follows:

Skipper, when will my ship come in,
Silver and gray and brown?
The cloud-rack rifts and the morning lifts
Over my trading town.
Aught she may bring me now I need—
Silver or gold or tin—
The trade winds she blowing, the gulf streams are flowing,
When will my ship come in?

I would also like very much to know the author.

"By Emerson"

G. M.—Can you tell me where, in Emerson's poems, the passage is referring to Napoleon's alleged love of music, and as to his listening to the village church bells when crossing the Alps:

Halts his horse, and lists with delight
As his files sweep by on the Alpine height.

And also as to Emerson's source of authority for the statement:

Who was the author of the song, and what are the other stanzas, beginning:

Sweetheart, goodby! The flutt'ring sail
Is spread to waft me far from thee,
And soon before the fav'ring gale
My ship shall bound upon the sea.
Perchance, all desolate and forlorn,
These eyes shall miss thee many a year,
But unforgotten every charm—
Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear.

"Speak No Ill"

H. M. G.—I should like very much to find the rest of the poem of which the following is a part and also the name of the author:

Speak no ill. Speak no ill. A kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind;
And oh, to breathe each tale that's told
Is far beneath a noble mind.
Full oft a better seed is sown
By choosing then a kindly plan,
And if but little good is known,
Still let us speak the best we can.

"After Winter"

G. H. S.—Where can I find the following lines?

After Winter follows Summer;
After night the day returneth;
After the tempest a great calm.

"That Bully"

C. B. C.—Can any one furnish me with the words of the old song "The Bully of the Town," of which the chorus runs,

"When I walk that levee round
I'm looking for that bully and he must be found."

"The World a Comedy"

R. E. K.—Can any one tell me who wrote the following lines and where I may find them?

The world is a comedy to those who think; a tragedy to those who feel.

"The Blue Bowl"

R. M. T.—Will you please help me to secure a copy of a poem which appeared in one of the women's magazines, probably five or six years ago? It described a woman's anticipation of her husband's return home in the evening, and the only line which I remember was something like this:

And I put the flowers in the blue bowl he loves the best.

"The Moon Fell"

T. O.—Perhaps some of your readers can help me find a poem which was reprinted in The Literary Digest's weekly page of verse a decade or so ago. The last line was:

And the moon fell into our street, and broke.

"Hindu Legend"

R. P. L.—Will you please help me locate an old legend, Hindu, I think. It is the story of the gift of a wife to man. It describes the creating of the woman—taking the skin of a tiger, &c. The man decides that he cannot live with her and sends her back. Later he goes back to reclaim her, saying: "I can live neither with her nor without her."

"Pictures on Memory's Wall"

W. H. McC.—Please help me find a poem, author unknown to me, which contains this stanza:

Of all the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall
Is one of a dim old forest
That seemeth best of all.

Also a poem which begins:

Soft floating on the evening air.

I think the name of the first poem is "My Brother," but I am not sure.

"No More Christmas"

K. M.— Please tell me the name of the author of poem beginning:

Merry, merry Christmas
Never more can be.

I should like, if possible, to secure a complete copy of the poem.

"Never More on Earth"

A. P.—Can any of your readers supply me with the verses set to music of a song I heard sung years ago? I recall only a few words here and there.

Never more on earth those eyes serene and holy . . .
Thy face that shone in beauty . . .
The music of thy voice is lingering still.

"Turn, My Wheel, Turn"

K. W.—Some years ago I heard a long poem recited, the title of which was the "Ballad of the Old Spinner." Each stanza began and ended with the refrain, "Turn, my wheel, turn." May I ask your help in tracing this poem?

"The Richer the City"

M. A. D.—Can any of your readers tell me where I may find the following quotation?

"The richer the city, the poorer the soil."

"Hunting the Mammoth"

J. E. S.—For a long time I have searched in vain for a poem in which these lines occur:

I flaked a flint to a cutting edge
And shaped it with brutish craft;
I broke a shank from the woodland dank
And fitted it head and haft;
Then I laid me close to the ready tarn
Where the mammoth came to drink
With brawn and bone I drove the stone
And slew him on the brink.

ANSWERS

"Horse Poems"

A VERITABLE anthology of poems about horses is being compiled by our readers in response to John's request in our issue of July 25. Many readers have sent lists of poems with copies of some of them, and several have volunteered to send copies to John upon receipt of his address. These letters and copies of the poems sent in have been forwarded to John. James W. McGrath, Northampton, Mass., sends a copy of his own poem, "Billy Bay." Thomas Glancy, Toronto, Canada, considers Park Benjamin's "The Taming of Bucephalus" the finest poem of this sort in all literature. Our limited space makes it impossible to give credit to all the readers who have answered this query. Below is a list of the poems named by our correspondents, together with the authors' names where these are known:

"How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," Robert Browning; "Boot and Saddle," Robert Browning; "The Tale of Anthony Bell—A Hunting Ballad," A. J. Cummings; "If," a parody on Kipling's poem of the same title; "The Death of Keildar," Sir Walter Scott; "An Appeal," Scots Greys; "The War Horse," George Willard Bonte; "Good-bye, Old Friend.," "The Voice of the Helpless," Ella Wheeler Wilcox; "The Gunner's Story," Lieutenant L. Fleming; "The Army Horse," Ray I. Hoppman; "Exit the Fire Horse," J. A. P.; "Spare the Horse;" "Evacuated to Hospital; "The Song of the Cossack to His Horse"; "The Council of Horses," John Gay; "The High-Mettled Racer," Charles Dibdin; "The Horseback Ride," Grace Greenwood; "The Arab's Farewell to His Horse," Caroline Norton; "The Trooper to His Mare," Charles G. Halpine; "The Horse and His Rider"; "How the Old Horse Won the Bet," O. W. Holmes; "The Bell of Atri," H. W. Longfellow; "Pegasus in Pound," H. W. Longfellow; "Sheridan's Ride," T. B. Read; "Chiquita," Bret Harte; "Miles Keough's Horse," John Hay; "The Arab to His Favorite Steed," Bliss Carman; "Roan Stallion," Robinson Jeffers; "The Kickin' Horse," Ann Partlan; "The Blood Horse," B. W. Proctor (Barry

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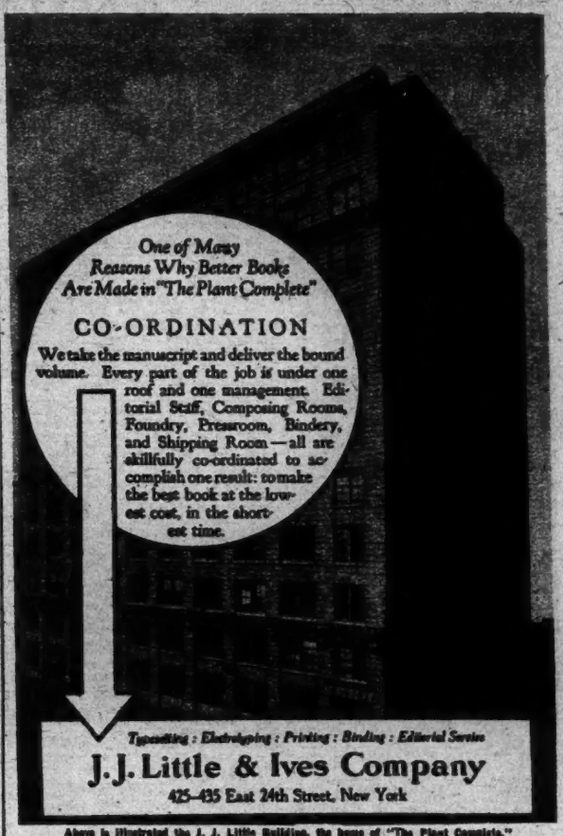

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Queries and Answers

(Continued from Page 21)

Cornwall); "The Horse and His Rider," Joanna Baillie; "How Salvator Won," Ella Wheeler Wilcox; "Kentucky Belle," Constance Fenimore Woolson; "Old Ace," Fred Emerson Brooks; "Bay Billy," Frank H. Gassaway; "The Horse," Josiah Bond; "All"; "The Old Plough-Horse," Mahlon Leonard Fisher; "Thoroughbreds."

Several readers have given the titles of books of verse which contain such poems as John seeks. They are "Songs of Horses" (Anthology), by Robert Frothingham; "Right Royal," Masefield; "Songs of the Trail," Henry Knibbs; "Riders Up," a volume containing both poetry and prose; "Heart Throbs and Hoof Beats," Walter Palmer, and "Saddle and Song," published by J. B. Lippincott Company.

"Sow a Thought."

MRS. O. F. GUNZ, Rutherford, N. J.—In your issue of July 11, 1926, is an answer to the inquiry of R. W. W. (June 20). In my scrapbook I find the quotation given in that answer, but with one more line preceding those you printed, making the entire quotation read:

Sow a thought and you reap an act; sow an act and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny.

The quotation is ascribed to Thackeray.

"God's Hand."

S. C. M.—The inquiry by S. S. D. in your issue of July 11, in which two lines of a poem are quoted, refers to a sweet and consoling description of heaven, our true home.

It was written by a Sister of Mercy, but was not printed until after her death, when a friend had a few copies made for private devotion. She also gave it the title which follows with the words of the verse:

A MESSAGE FROM HOME.

Think of standing on a shore
And finding it heaven!
Of taking hold of a hand
And finding it God's hand!
Of breathing a new air
And finding it celestial air!
Of feeling invigorated
And finding it immortality!
Of passing from storm and tempest
To an unknown calm!
Of waking and finding—
"I am Home!"

Luella Pierce, Port Jefferson, N. Y., who quotes the poem in a slightly different form, tells us that it is inscribed on a tablet raised for sailors whose vessel was sunk in the Strait of Gibraltar during the World War. Sarah M. Searing, Auburn, N. Y., sends still another version of the poem.

"The Mullein Stalks"

LOUIS SHAW—The line quoted by F. P. in your issue of July 18 is from a poem that was in McGuffey's Second Reader, used almost universally in the district schools of Illinois sixty-five years ago. It began:

Oh were you ne'er a school-boy, and
did you never train,
And feel that swelling of the heart
you ne'er can feel again?

E. N. Root, Brooklyn, N. Y., sends a complete copy of the poem and gives its title as "The Young Soldier." Neither correspondent is able to give the author's name. A copy of the poem has been forwarded to F. P.

"Hoarded Gold"

EDWARD RANCK, Williamsport, Pa.—In your issue of July 18 F. R. requested the author of the poem of which the following are the first two lines:

If hoarded gold possess'd the power
To lengthen life's too fleeting hour—

The author of this poem is Anacreon, Greek poet born about 560 B. C. Perhaps, the best translations of his poem are those of Thomas Moore, which may be found in a good edition of Moore's poems, published by Thomas Y. Crowell Publishing Company of New York City.

The same information is given by James Lyons, Woodhaven, N. Y., who offers to furnish the remaining lines of the ode if F. R. cannot obtain them elsewhere. Mr. Lyon's letter has been forwarded to F. R.

"Uhland"

LOUELLA D. EVERETT, Boston, Mass.—I think if J. M. S. has access to a file of the Harvard Monthly, she may find a complete copy of her brother, William Vaughn Moody's translation of Johann Ludwig Uhland's poem "The Landlady's Daughter." I have a clipping giving the six lines as she quotes them, entitled "Love and Death," and credited to "Will Vaughn Moody, Harvard Monthly." The forepart of the poem is not given.

There are several good translations of "The Landlady's Daughter." One is by J. S. Dwight in "Bryant's Library of Poetry and Song"; in J. G. Holland's "Illustrated Library of Favorite Songs" may be found one by C. G. Leland and J. W. Palmer; and there is one by William Allen Butler (1825-1902) in his "Poems," published in 1871.

M. Beckherd, Great Neck, L. I., who sends a copy, in German, of Uhland's "Der Wirthin Töchterlein," says that Moody's version is a transcription rather than a translation. A copy of Dwight's translation, which follows the original more closely, has been sent to J. M. S.

"Be Noble"

LYDIA HAMMOND GALE, Albany, N. Y.—The lines quoted by J. Q. B. in your issue of July 25, are from Sonnet IV, by James Russell Lowell, and may be found in any collection of his poems. In the Household Edition, published by Houghton Mifflin Company, they are on page 20. This sonnet is one of a group of twenty-seven on loftly themes.

The same information is given by several other correspondents. The complete sonnet is printed below:

SONNET IV.

James Russell Lowell (1819-1891).

For this true nobleness I seek in
vain,
In woman and in man I find it not;
I almost weary of my earthly lot,
My life-springs are dried up with
burning pain.
Thou find'st it not? I pray thee
look again,
Look inward through the depths of
thine own soul.
How is it with thee? Art thou sound
and whole?
Doth narrow search show thee no
earthly stain?
Be noble! and the nobleness that
lies
In other men, sleeping, but never
dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine
own;
Then wilt thou see it gleam in many
eyes,
Then will pure light around thy path
be shed,
And thou wilt nevermore be sad and
lone.

"The Gale Sets Sail"

LOUELLA D. EVERETT, Boston, Mass.—The poem sought by D. B. in THE NEW YORK TIMES Book Review of July 25 is "The Winds of Fate," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who wrote that the verses were inspired by her husband calling attention to the fact that one ship went East and another West in the same wind. They were on the deck of the Richard Peck, coming to New York from New Haven, and Mrs. Wilcox wrote the verses on a leaf of her husband's notebook. There are two stanzas, as follows:

THE WINDS OF FATE.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox (1855-1919).

One ship drives East and another
drives West
With the selfsame winds that blow.
'Tis the set of the sails,
And not the gales,
Which tell us the way to go.

Like the winds of the sea are the
ways of fate;
As we journey along through life,
'Tis the set of a soul
That decides its goal,
And not the calm or the strife.

A number of other correspondents have answered this query. One gives the title of the poem as "The Set of the Sail" and the author as Henry Van Dyke. All the others, however, agree in accrediting it to Ella Wheeler Wilcox. As to the exact wording of the poem, there is some slight disagreement. Many of the copies sent in give the last line as:

And not the calm of the strife.

"Macaulay's Tribute"

GEORGE D. CHESSON, Springfield, Mass.—Referring to query of J. H. C., July 25, Macaulay, in a review on von Ranke's "History of the Popes," pays tribute to the Roman Catholic Church:

"And she may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveler from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

This is not original, however. Horace Walpole, in a letter to Sir H. Mann, says:

"At last some curious native of Lima will visit London, and give a sketch of the ruins of Westminster and St. Paul's."

Again, Volney, in his "Ruins of Empires," had written:

"Who knows but that hereafter some traveler like myself will sit down upon the banks of the Seine, the Thames, or the Zuyder Zee, where now, in the tumult of enjoyment, the heart and the eyes are too slow to take in the multitude of sensations—who knows but that he will sit down solitary amid silent ruins, and weep a people inurned, and their greatness changed into an empty name?"

Again, Shelley, in the preface to "Peter Bell the Third," addressed to Moore, had a similar illustration.

In view of the present condition of St. Paul's, there would appear to be more truth than poetry to the remarks mentioned above!

Stanley Laurens Horka, Passaic, N. J., informs us that this essay can be found in Macaulay's "Critical and Historical Essays," Volume II, in the "Everyman's Library," published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Thomas J. Wall, Torrington, Conn., sends a copy of the paragraph in which the quotation occurs. This has been forwarded to J. H. C. Several other correspondents have sent longer or shorter extracts from the essay.

"Misty Mountains"

GRACE OSGOOD, Watertown, Conn.—In your issue of July 25 you published a request from H. S. McK. for the "Canadian Boat Song," long identified with lore from over the border, and usually credited to John Wilson (1785-1854), better known as Christopher North, a "Glaskae" man, trained at Oxford, and distinguished both by his prose and verse.

Your correspondent quotes the second stanza from the poem as it first appeared in "Noctes Ambrosianae" No. XLVI in Blackwood's Magazine for September, 1829, Vol. XXVI, page 400.

The song is introduced by dialogue:

NORTH—

* * * He has sent me a translation of one of their ditties—shall I try how it will croon?

OMNES—

O, by all means—by all means!

NORTH—

Very well, ye'll easily catch the air, and be sure you tip me vigour at the chorus.

(Chants)

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.
(From the Gaelic)

Listen to me, as when ye heard our
father
Sing long ago the song of other
shores—
Listen to me and then in chorus
gather
All your deep voices, as ye pull
your oars.

CHORUS.

Fair these broad meads—these hoary
woods are grand,
But we are exiles from our fathers'
land.

From the lone shieling of the misty
island
Mountains divide us, and the waste
of seas—
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart
is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the
Hebrides.

(Three additional stanzas follow.)

The poem is included (page 15) in "A Book of Canadian Prose and Verse," by E. K. and E. H. Broadus (McMillan), Toronto, 1923. In a comment on the authorship a doubt is expressed whether the author of the second stanza wrote any more of the poem. But mark the quality of the first two lines of the song and how they chime with the introductory bid for aid in the chorus.

Miss Louella D. Everett, Boston, Mass., sends us a copy of this poem together with another, "The Highlander in Australia," which begins: "From the lone shieling," &c. A copy of each poem has been sent to our correspondent. Kate L. Roberts, South Orange, N. J., and Bibliotaph, Providence, R. I., inform us that the poem has been variously attributed to John G. Lockhart, John Galt and the Earl of Eglington. Constance Williams, South Hamilton, Mass., also sends a copy of the poem.

Latest Books

(Continued from Page 20)

borne, President of the Royal Horticultural Society.

THE WHALE SHIP CHARLES W. MORGAN. By G. Warren Hirshson. Pamphlet. New Bedford, Mass.: Reynolds Printing Company.

The history of a famous vessel.

TRAINING HORSES FOR RACES. By Captain G. W. L. Meredith. 12mo. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

A handbook for amateur beginners.

PARTIES THAT ARE DIFFERENT. By Ethel Owen. 12mo. New York: The Abingdon Press. $1.

Suggestions for entertainments.

CARGOES AND HARVESTS. By Donald Culross Peattie. 12mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.50.

The story of the discovery of rubber, opium, coffee, potatoes, tea, &c.

SEX AND THE YOUNG. By Marie Carmichael Stopes. 12mo. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

A handbook for parents and teachers.

HOW TO WEAVE LINENS. By Edward F. Worst. 8vo. Milwaukee, Wis.: Bruce Publishing Company. $3.50.

A handbook.

ANNUAL CYCLOPEDIA OF INSURANCE IN THE UNITED STATES, 1926. 12mo. New York: G. Reid Mackay.

A reference book.

KELLY'S HANDBOOK TO THE TITLED, LANDED AND OFFICIAL CLASSES FOR 1926. 8vo. London, England: Kelly's Directories, Ltd.

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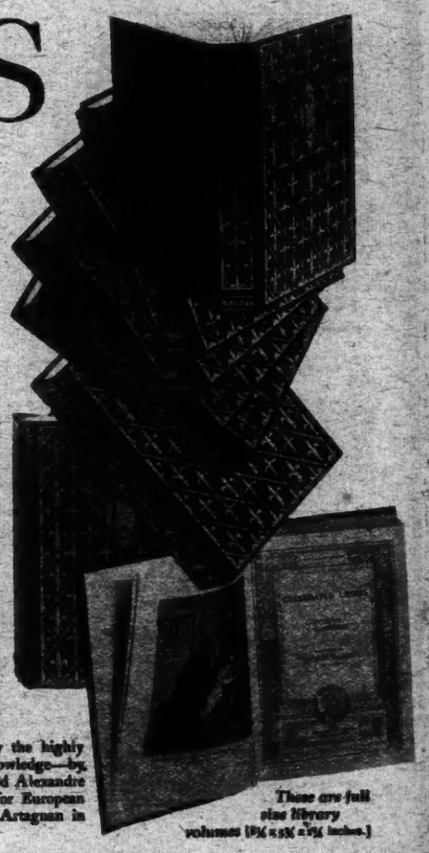

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